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**TOMMASO SALVINI,**  
 THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.

THE character-portrait which embellishes this page is that of an actor who, perhaps, is without a rival, at the present time, in the higher realm of the drama.

Tommaso Salvini, whom this illustration presents as upon the scene in the rôle of *Ingomar*, is to-day the Forrest of the Italian stage; and by so much as the art of Italy is more refined than the art of the New World, in just so much does the living work of Salvini's genius surpass in loftiness of conception, variety, elaborateness and exquisite finish the memorable characteristics of the lamented American tragedian. In a word, Salvini is what Edwin Forrest might have been had the rugged features of his most manly style been toned down and melted into fresh graces of motion and manner by the more genial sun of earth's natural conservatory of poetry and art—the land of Virgil, Cicero, Michael Angelo and Dante.

It is in the sunlight of Shakespeare's vivifying genius that English-speaking actors have warmed their sluggish temperaments, as it were, into condition for supplementing sonorous oratory with prescribed methods of action. But, the accident that the Bard was an Englishman has not contributed to make natural actors of his countrymen, nor of the American branch of the family. Save in those few exceptions which serve to prove the rule, dramatic art is a culture, not a natural growth with the Anglo-Saxon race, who are not imaginative. Imagination is the source of histrionic power. Without it all acting, however skillful, becomes only so much cold calculation. Edmund Kean was charged with deficiency in this respect, and if justly, we may understand why he failed to rise to the point of sublimity in his most admirably elaborated personations. Junius Brutus Booth, was, probably, the possessor of the most imaginative intellect known to the English or American stage; and to that fact can be traced the cause of his triumph before a public obstinately determined to acknowledge no other idol than Kean.

Mr. Fechter affords an instance, also, of the magnetic influence to be derived from a fancy that sees all things through the poet's eye. No argument is needed to enforce the statement that the school of acting founded upon the power of the imagination flourishes chiefly in the South of Europe, and that all other schools or styles are but faint imitations or eccentric variations from its established principles. Nor need we pause to reflect why this should be so; for the conditions favorable to the growth and preservation of all arts have,



TOMMASO SALVINI, THE GREAT ITALIAN TRAGEDIAN, IN THE RÔLE OF "INGOMAR"

in every age, obtained more generally and fixedly in Italy and adjacent lands than in any other part of the world.

Hence it is not surprising that from Italy should spring the genius capable of translating into actual life the representative characters which the master-hand of Shakespeare has molded into so many permanent types of manhood.

Charlotte Cushman, to whose discernment and impartiality all must defer, has affirmed that in Shakespearian parts Salvini surpassed the greatest of the poet's illustrators, and we have found abundant confirmation of this extraordinary statement in the concurrent testimony of German, French, English, Spanish and Italian critics, whose own names are even better known to American readers than that of the tragedian whose marvelous gifts they have extolled.

Signor Salvini visits the United States under the management of Mr. Maurice Grau, who last year piloted Rubinstein to new scenes of triumph throughout the country. A full troupe of artists, together with all the needful scenery and wardrobe for some twenty or more plays, is brought from Italy by the great actor, so that the representations given in New York, at the Academy of Music, and in the other principal cities of the Union, as well as in Havana, will be precisely like those in which he has won renown in Rome, Naples, Florence and Paris.

The question, can Salvini achieve a triumph in America equal to that which has everywhere else awaited him, was summarily disposed of by Miss Cushman the other day.

"True, the American public do not understand Italian," said the great actress, "but they understand Shakespeare, and they will see Salvini act, and, I assure you, they will forget in what tongue he speaks to their ears, for he will thrill their very souls."

The Salvini season begins at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, the 16th inst., when "Othello" will be performed for the first time here in Italian.

Signora Isolina Piamonti, the leading lady of the Salvini company, is reported to be an actress of the highest order of merit, and Signor Alessandro Salvini, brother of the tragedian, is regarded with great favor in the Italian cities, being especially gifted for the assumption of what are termed character rôles.

The repertoire of the Salvini season will be exceedingly rich in quality and variety. Besides "Othello," the "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," and other Shakespearian plays, the list includes many new and standard dramas, as for instance, "Samson," "Saul," "Il Figlio delle Selve" (*Ingomar*), "The Gladiator," "Sullivan," "Monte Cristo," "Galileo," "Arduino Zaira," "Michael Angelo," "Morte Civile," "Sophocles," "Romance of a Poor Young Man," "Orestes," "Spartacus," "Torquato Tasso," "David Rizzio," "Colpa Vendica la Colpa," "Giosue il Guardo Costa."

Signor Salvini's American engagement is for but one hundred nights, necessitating only the very briefest series of representations in the several cities to which he will be introduced.



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## TWILIGHT IN POLITICS.

THESE are lull times in politics; yet quiet and insipid and fruitless as they are, we are far from believing that the nation is running to ruin. For eighty years, from the formation of the Constitution, the country was preparing for the war that ended with the surrender of Lee; and during all that time we were in a great turmoil, in which nearly every political precept was a humbug, and nearly every political name was a lie. Yet, after all those blustering, tiresome years, men are complaining because there are not now two great parties arrayed against each other for a hot and speedy conflict. There are men who even wonder why "the Democratic Party" does not come to the front, until we tire of hearing them, very much as we tire of hearing the lament of Hamlet over the virtues of poor disjunct York. The very fact that these men are deploring the loss of the inglorious past, shows us that we are neither quite ready for the new party nor worthy of it. And we are not sure that, if the cold and corrupt Republican Party were weak enough to be defeated at the polls to-morrow, there would be anything much better to put into its place. The Democratic Party, as we remember it from 1860, has no great platform with which to defeat the Republican Party of 1873. Indeed, we are at a loss to know what it has, at all.

Political parties are organized out of social material slowly and surely, for their growth is as imperceptible as the movements of the minute-hand on the dial of a clock; and, so, no anxious American should doubt that there is now growing out of our social system a great party that no politician would dare, before its actual birth, to call Federal, Whig or Democratic. Then, why all the stupidity about the name of a party that is not yet ready? Let us remember that there have been cases where young married people have quarreled about calling the expected child "Charley," when the birth has proved that it would have been more appropriate to call it *Mary*. When the great party comes, it will demand its own name; and it is certain that the Republican Party will die when there is anything purer, greater and stronger to put into its place. All the elements of opposition to that party seem now to possess only negative qualities. We are bound to ask, What is the platform of the old Democratic Party? What idea, what grand purpose has the Democratic Party to put into effect, if it can gain possession of the Government? What great statesman can it put against Grant? What war-cry will shine from its Chinese lanterns? What popular glory will it have in view?

We have long listened in vain for any answer to such questions. We have looked to New England and to Adams, but he stands a cold and passionless sphinx. Our eyes have gone westward, and we have asked Hendricks, but he is numb and nerveless as a museum mummy. One man, indeed, has tried to answer—Alexander H. Stephens—but he began his reply ten years ago, and if he lives ten years longer we shall not expect to hear the close of his first sentence. Sometimes we think that the Democratic Party has perhaps no reply to make—that it is itself only an empty name, and empty shroud.

And so long as the old Democracy depends upon its age, it is as certain as the sun over our heads that the political organization which is to defeat the Republican Party will not be the old Democracy. One does not easily put new wine into old bottles.

Unless we can run the ghost of James Buchanan for the Presidency, it will be better to drop the old Democracy. "But," say Marble and Stephens, "haven't we the same old principles to fight for?" Yes; there are, for instance, the questions of the Topeka Constitution, the Tariff of '46, the Missouri Compromise; and we hope they will soon be settled. They were settled to our satisfaction in 1865. The fact is, that the old Democracy is dead, and that it lies buried in the coffin of James Buchanan.

The new party will be so much greater than any party that has to go back to the days of Cass and Pierce for its principles, that we shall all wonder how we could be stupid enough to name the unborn child before we saw it. Let us not call it "Charley" for fear it may be a "Mary." Let us remember that we are only in the twilight of the new politics. The nation began its political career anew when the rebellion was ended; and the new era is not old enough to have differentiated its parties. What we really need is not so much a new party as two new parties. They will be more socialistic than parties have ever been in this country before—one will be conservative and the other radical. The Republican Party will wear out its machinery, and having nothing but machinery, it will then be dead. The new parties will be evolved out of apparent chaos when one receives the organizing touch of a man as great as Hamilton, and when the other receives the impulse of a political genius as pure and as great as Jefferson. Meanwhile, the night will be darker before dawn. Sunrise will show us the land as clearly as it showed it to Columbus from the deck of the *Pinta*.

## INNOCENT RURAL BOYS.

IT is a mistaken idea to suppose that the small boy of the city is more wicked than the rural lad; that he is, in fact, such a *bête noir* that when placed beside his country cousin, the latter appears a shining saint. Such an opinion has obtained for all time, and possibly will for all time to come. But it is a libel upon the children of the street, and has no foundation in fact. We intend to explode this bubble, and have justice done to our *gamins*. It is true that they are very wicked, that they play in the gutters, pick pockets, go in swimming from the pier-heads, throw stones at each other, break windows, steal mats, get up behind cabs, and perform many other freaks of like nature. But is that any reason why we should paint them with the sombre brush of condemnation, and pat the boys of the fields upon the head, and hunt in our pockets for pence to bestow upon them?

The popular idea of the rural boy is very pretty as a mental picture. He is industrious, and carries his little hoe a-field, with which to touch up the sprouting corn. He is studious to a fault, and it is a favorite habit of his to sit up all night and read Latin books on astronomy by the light of a pine-torch. We never witnessed this operation, but have it on good authority that it is looked at as the correct thing for the country boy to do. No sluggard is he; but when the first flush crimson the eastern sky he bounds from his bed, pulls on his jean trousers and rawhide boots, and goes to work in the stables, or at chopping wood. In the Winter he walks ten miles through the snow to school, and draws his little sister upon his sled. In time he comes to own a farm, then he marries, builds a church, becomes justice of the peace, dies, and is buried in the village churchyard—a hundred-dollar tombstone informing a passing world, in a very expensive manner, of his many virtues.

This is what the country boy is supposed to be, but we know the statement to be a swindle. As we have often seen him, he was an adept in all sorts of mischief. He could steal eggs, and then deny the accusation with a nerve that Schuyler Colfax might envy. Dog-fights are his delight; a circus his heaven. To get into the circus he will appropriate money that was intended for the conversion of some little heathen boy; and, that scheme failing, he will crawl under the tent. It is a grim satisfaction to know that he is often punished for this sin. In one instance the performing elephant accidentally stepped on three little boys who were squirming in, and mashed them so that their different parents were at a loss to tell which was which, and so had to shake their names up in a hat, and draw for it. When such sad scenes are possible, is it well to claim moral superiority for the boy of the country?

If we wanted other proof in support of our point, we would turn to some of the prominent men of the land, who were brought up in the country. There is Butler—he was a rural lad; look what a savory specimen of unblemished reputation he now is. We have no doubt that he knocked down apples that didn't belong to him, and so, by an easy process, came to knock down salary to which he had no claim. Observe Cameron! Gaze upon that aged political sinner, and trace his life back to the time when he used to bring home the cows, and all that. And there is Colfax, whom we have mentioned; and to go higher, there is Grant. They were both country boys, but their later years and their political actions have demonstrated indisputably that the lads of the city are not exclusively the germs of subsequent wickedness and incapacity. Let us hear no more about the model country boy.

## WALKING.

IF one could believe the half-fledged scientists who deal out instruction, diluted with egotism, in the *Daily Press*, one would suppose that walking was not only a difficult, but a lost art. The minuteness with which we are directed how to carry ourselves during the

performance of the singular ceremony these *magisters arrium* describe and prescribe, would be painful if it were not ludicrous. Our heads are to be borne erect, and forced slightly back; our shoulders are to be braced away from the chest, and held on a right line with the hips; our hands are to be dropped at our sides, with the palms opened towards the front, etc., etc. Having tortured ourselves into this posture to start with, we are to walk with a spring, the thighs kept well in, and given a strong, rolling motion upon their sockets, while the lungs are allowed to expand freely and with "rhythmical regularity." This is the substance of what in one form and another our self-elected teachers in the abstruse occupation of walking would have us observe. It makes one think of the reply of a witty editor to an interviewer, who remarked that editors were supposed to know everything. "Certainly," was the answer, "editors—and the Encyclopedia." There is a strong flavor of some universal spring of knowledge in the articles on walking with which the world is afflicted.

Doubtless there are ways of walking better than other ways. But the main distinction between the beneficial and non-beneficial walking is in quantity rather than method. If our people could be induced to walk a great deal more, they would walk well enough. Nature would soon show that she is the best instructor. Persuade or compel a man, a woman or a child to walk a certain distance in a certain time each day, and if the distance and the time are rationally graduated, no stupidity, not even that of the scribbling walkist, can prevent their gait from becoming free, strong and graceful. It is exquisitely absurd to suppose that we can all walk alike, or that we would all walk equally well if we could. The slender damsels, with miraculous busts, and shoulders drawn back against the spine, who strive after the same ideal—the grasshopper strut of Saratoga—do not any two of them walk alike. They wear their absurdity "with a difference." Even in the regular army, and in the best-disciplined portion, the cadets of West Point, individual peculiarities cannot be wholly suppressed. Does any one suppose that the broad-beamed Irish lad, Sheridan, ever, even in his academy days, walked, or rode, or sat like the gaunt Western Yankee, Sherman; or that Grant's stubborn, commonplace form ever acquired the stately yet simple elaboration of "Live-Oak" Thomas?

Walking, and especially across country, over the hills, and where bits of climbing intervene, is a splendid school for the acquirement of physical grace. It gives compactness of form, readiness and suppleness of muscle, the unconscious ability to do with the body what one will, that can never be obtained by precise training. The one essential condition is that the mind shall be engaged, and that the walking shall be for an object. The object may be what you will. It may be flowers or fossils, minerals or fern-roots, or it may simply be to reach the office, the school, the house, in good time. If there is an object well defined and thoroughly desired, the play of the limbs will take care of itself, and the inevitable result will be an accession of physical pleasure and attractiveness. We have no desire to preach on this subject. A certain percentage of men and women—at least in the cities—will go down to their graves in flabby feebleness, and no amount of exhortation will prevent it. On the other hand, those who know the charm of thorough physical exertion, who have felt the tranquil flow of sustained energy through all the system which succeeds such exertion judiciously taken, will not need to be exhorted. What we want to do in this article is to remind our readers that if the desire for such activity is upon them, they would do well to gratify it in the way that first suggests itself. They need not fear that Apollon will not send the increase of strength and pleasure for which they strive, because they do not manage their bodies, from head to heel, according to the directions of professional writers on walking.

## MONETARY MUSINGS.

WE believe it is hardly necessary to ask the question, "Is the American Government honest?" We are wont to prate about our integrity, and smooth our beard as we say, "A Government of the people, by the people and for the people" cannot be other than pure; but the plain, unvarnished truth is, that there is little but rottenness in our National and State Governments; and as certainly as Rome lies a magnificent ruin in the lap of history will we, a broader if not greater Empire, tumble into anarchy and dissolution if we do not commence the consideration of the law "Thou shalt not steal." Starting from the sun of our thieving system, the United States Treasury, and radiating to each satellite, in every State Capitol we find our noble rulers planning to fill up the money-boxes, and then scheming to empty them again into somebody's pockets.

Year after year this sloughing process has been going on over the governmental bodies. The dear people are hand in hand with their representatives. Laws and laws are passed subsidizing this railroad and that eleemosynary institution for the common good of all or in the name of charity, that the distribution of money may be kept up and the ball kept roll-

ing. The thought never seems to slip uppermost that when we *rob the Treasury we steal from ourselves*. The delusion has been growing and thickening that the people can afford to pay five dollars for a dollar's worth, provided the transaction takes place under the disguise of "By Act of Congress," or "by Act of Assembly," and the cloud is rapidly looming up in such gigantic proportions that it may envelop us in a pall of absolute bankruptcy. The question, not of the future in American politics, but of the present, is, How can we make the people honest?—for the government is usually as good as the people.

## EDITORIAL TOPICS.

The velocipede mania has broken out among gentlemen who part their hair in the middle.

Some women want all the rights of men, but they are not willing to give up the privileges of women.

MARIO, Morgini, Capoul and Campanini have all been in the army. They have also had some experience on the High C's.

The driver of the "Black Maria" must be a man of ability, for he always leads the van, and is generally at the top of his profession.

BUTLER says that, if he is nominated, Massachusetts will undoubtedly cast a large majority for him. The general will discover the east to be all in his eye.

COLFAX is about to deliver a lecture on "Memories of the Past." Considering that his own memory was so bad about the \$1,200, the subject is not a happy one.

THE Buffalo *Express* asks, "Why do ladies take babies to the theatre?" Probably, because they have nobody to leave them with at home. This may be a wrong idea, but it is worthy of consideration.

THE fat men invited General Grant to their clambake. Caesar said, "Let me have fat men about me." Common gratitude makes fat men like Caesar. Call you not this danger? Somebody should be interviewed about it.

"THE mournful spectacle of another noble elm, on the Common, dead of asphaltum and being cut down!" says the Boston *Globe*. A double cause for sorrow, but the cutting down itself was enough to kill that noble elm. "Insatiate archer, would not one suffice?"

"ARE uncalled-for letters returned to the writer?" Yes, if they are of importance. They are sent first to Washington, read, and returned from the Dead Letter Office, free of postage. Coming from the Dead Letter Office is the reason why they are dead-headed.

THE course of the Democrats, as shown in the various State Conventions that have been held, in striking out independently once more, is indorsed by C. A. Dana in the *Sun*. He thinks that events since the last campaign justify the Democracy in making one more effort this Fall. But if in this last grand rally they fail, Mr. Dana says they must disband, and the rank and file be merged into the great opposition which is to meet the organized Republican Party nominee in 1876.

INDIVIDUALS ambitious of criminal fame should vary the programme. We have had enough self-accused Nathan murderers. If it is all the same to them, we suggest that the next one confesses to the butchery of Dr. Burdell, or Mary Rogers, or to some of the mysterious assassinations that have never been cleared up. The heroism they covet would come just as quickly, and what with newspaper interviewers, and photographers posing them in the most graceful attitudes, to say nothing of the bouquets sympathizing ladies would send to their cells—they would be as famous as the Shah was when he visited England.

THEY have an infant prodigy in Boston, and his name is Tommy Maguire. When but four years old, this tiny Jack Sheppard broke into a store, and performed the burglary in the most approved style. He then turned his attention to pocket-picking, and proved an adept in the art. But, not content with these two modes of depredating on society, this *enfant terrible* took to knocking down other boys in the streets, and robbing them of their pocket-money. This last outrage on the peace and safety of the citizens of Boston could not be endured, so a file of policemen surrounded and captured the bloodthirsty Tommy, and a just punishment awaits the liliputian outlaw.

It has been asserted that nothing can astonish a police officer; but last week an event in Greenwich, Conn., proves such a thing possible. Two night patrolmen in that eminently quiet town, seeing a man walking briskly, with a rather plethoric carpetbag in his hand, called to him to stop, supposing that he might be a burglar. The man did not stop, but walked faster, until he heard their quick footsteps behind him, when he immediately began to run with all his might and main. Certain now that he was indeed a thief of the night, and convinced, also, that he was swifter of foot than they were, they drew their revolvers and fired several shots at him, which, fortunately for all, missed their mark, for, on arriving panting at the railway depot, where the running and terribly frightened man took shelter, the officers discovered that the supposed robber was a well-known and highly respected clergyman, on his way to catch an



only trail to another town, where he was going to preach for a brother shepherd. The mistake was a mutual one, for the peace-loving clergyman supposed that the vigilant officers were highwaymen, intent on plunder, and may-be murder. Returning breath, after the exciting chase, gave an opportunity for explanations that were satisfactory to all parties, and peace once more reigned in Greenwich. The statement that one of the policemen has been for a year past a member of the reverend gentleman's church will be thought by many not the least curious fact in this comedy of errors.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT continues, with renewed vigor, his splendid fight against a Third Term. Having, by a series of interviews with the prominent men of the nation, disposed of the charge of the Administration organs, that the possibility of a Third Term is a mere flippant Summer sensation, Mr. Bennett is now analyzing the leaders of the Administration by a comparison with the rulers of the country in the times of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and Monroe. The hypocrisy and demagoguery of Colfax, the bribery of Minister Bingham in Credit Mobilier, and the rascality of Minister Schenck in the Enma Mine swindle, are thoroughly sifted and commented on; and we judge, if all the other rascals of the Administration Party are to be similarly analyzed, the *Herald* will be kept busy for some weeks to come.

The Grangers have organized in Minnesota with a platform of principles which they think is an improvement on those of Illinois, Iowa, and the other States where the Order prevails. In the opinion of Whitelaw Reid, the Minnesota farmers have gone too far; and he warns them, through the *Tribune*, to have a care, or else their movement will fail, because of the absurdity and impracticability of their demands. For instance, the Minnesota people declare that the charter of any corporation should be so framed that it could be repealed at any moment, and that every railroad should be public highway, with every citizen having the liberty of putting his own cars on it. Mr. Reid says that this is at variance with the Constitution, and savors of the twaddle of the cross-roads' politician; and he thinks the Minnesota cry of, "Corporations have no rights which the Grangers are bound to respect," will end in ruin.

We have hopes for General Butler at last. He has experienced a change of heart, and will hereafter walk as straight as his oblique vision will permit. Hear what he promises! He promises to make no more obscene pronunciation of his political opponent's name; he promises to start no more newspapers in New York; to forsake rum and tobacco; to give up his indulgence in silverware and salary that do not belong to him; to start a Sunday-school; to go to church regularly; and to do a host of other equally creditable things. Truly, if Benjamin is in earnest, happy times will have fallen on Massachusetts when he shall grace the gubernatorial chair. But, then, it is so hard to trust him. Any man who makes firework addresses, with one hand on his heart and the other grasping the stolen "swag" in his pocket, has to be watched. But he promises well, though, and that is the next best thing to performance.

#### COUNTRY LIFE IN TUSCANY.

IT is said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to mankind. What, then, do you, reader, think of one who made grass to grow on the land where olives, vines and wheat had grown from time immemorial? Walter Scott talks of some houses of city architecture which look exactly as if they had walked out of their place in a street and had set themselves down in a field. But an Italian villa (or palace, as they are called in Tuscany) always stands in a field—a plowed field. It may be of noble architecture, ten times too large for any purpose of habitation; such a structure as we would like to see "bosomed deep in tufted trees;" but in Italy, unless it be by the side of a high road—a situation which is ever preferred—it has rarely anything beyond a bit of kitchen-garden near it. Vines and olive-trees and corn grow up almost to the front door. Italians have no idea, like Mr. Blunderhead, of the "Bath Guide," of ruining themselves.

"By lawning a hundred good acres of wheat;"

and I was told that no native would have dared to outrage public sentiment, as I had done, by grubbing up a hundred olive-trees, two centuries old, because we wished to have a grassy lawn in front of our castle.

And yet they all declare that, in an agricultural point of view, grass, by which they mean hay, pays better than anything else. Ridolfi, their great agricultural writer, proves that olive-trees never pay what they have cost in the expense of first planting, in the loss of capital before they come to maturity, and in the damage they do to the surrounding crops of corn; and that people ought to be very grateful to their ancestors for having provided olive-trees for them. But, indeed, the agriculture in this part of the country is so wretched that grass might be considered the most profitable crop because it costs least of any other—just as, I remember, the owners of Drury Lane Theatre (see congratulated themselves that the past night had been profitable to them because the house had been shut up, and there had been no outgoings.

If you, reader, know anything about agriculture, judge what must be the effects of the system as I will now describe it; if you do not know anything, do not read it.

The Mezzaria system obtains, that is to say, the land and farm belongs to the landlord; the live and dead stock are his; all taxes are paid by him. It is his place to make all new plantations of vines, or olive-trees, and to replace old ones; to manure and stake the vines during the first three years; to keep up walls, ditches and water-courses; to provide half the seed that is sown; to pay for half the manure that may be purchased. The tenant finds labor, and labor only. He gathers his olives and his grapes and takes them to the factory, where they are made into oil or wine, of which the steward returns to him one-half; he reaps his corn, and sends word to the steward when it is ready for him to come and take the landlord's portion. It may be imagined how much reaches the landlord after tenants and stewards have had their way with it!

#### DRONTHEIM.

WITH the sole exception of Archangel, Drontheim is the most populous and important town situated in so high a latitude as 63 deg. 24 sec. Although the cradle of ancient Scandinavian history, and the residence of a long line of kings, it looks as if it had been built but yesterday, as its wooden houses have been frequently destroyed by fire. The choir of its magnificent cathedral, built in the eleventh century, and once the resort of innumerable pilgrims who came flocking to the shrine of St. Olave from all Scandinavia, is the only remaining memorial of the old Tronem of the Norse annalists and scalds. The modern town has a most pleasing and agreeable appearance, and the lively colors with which the houses are painted harmonize with the prosperity of its inhabitants, which is due in a great measure to its thriving fisheries and to the rich iron and copper mines in its neighborhood. The tall chimneys of many smelting-huts, iron foundries, and other manufactories, bear evidence that modern industry has found its way to the ancient capital of Norway. In point of picturesque beauty, the bay, on a peninsula of which the town is situated, does not yield to that of Naples. Up and down, in every direction, appear the villas of the merchants, and ships of all burden riding at anchor in the bay, and boats passing and repassing. In a small island of the bay, fronting the town, is the celebrated castle of Munkholm, where in former times many a prisoner of state has bewailed the loss of his liberty. Here, among others, Greifenfeld, who had risen from obscurity to the rank of an all-powerful minister, was incarcerated for eighteen years (1680-98).

At Hildringen, where the potato is still cultivated with success, and barley ripens every four or five years, begins the province of Nordland, which extends from 65 to 69 deg. 30 sec. N. lat. The mostly uninhabited isles along the coast are called "Holme," when rising like steep rocks out of the water, and "Väre" when flat and but little elevated above the level of the sea. The latter are the breeding-places of numberless sea-fowls, whose eggs yield a welcome harvest to the inhabitants of the neighboring mainland, or of the larger islands. A well-stocked egg-vär is a valuable addition to a farm, and descends from father to son, along with the pasture-grounds and the herds of the paternal lands. When the proprietor comes to plunder the nests, the birds remain quiet, for they know by experience that only the superfluous eggs are to be removed. But not unfrequently strangers land, and leave not a single egg behind. Then all the birds, several thousand at once, rise from their nests, and fill the air with their doleful cries. If such disasters occur repeatedly they lose courage, and abandoning the scene of their misfortunes, retire to another vär. Most of these birds are sea-gulls (*Maasfugl*, or *Maage*), their eggs are large, and of a not disagreeable taste. The island of Lovunnen is the favorite breeding-place of the puffin, which is highly esteemed on account of its feathers. This silly bird is very easily caught. The fowler lets down an iron hook, or sends a dog trained on purpose into the narrow clefts or holes of the rock, where the puffins sit crowded together. The first bird being pulled out, the next one bites and lays hold of its tail, and thus in succession, till the whole family, clinging together like a chain, is dragged to light.

This rocky coast is also much frequented by the sea-eagle, who is very much feared over the whole province, as he not only carries away lambs and other small animals, but even assaults and not seldom overpowers the Norwegian oxen. His mode of attack is so singular that if Von Buch had not heard it so positively and so circumstantially related in various places, situated at great distances from each other, he would willingly have doubted its truth. The eagle darts down into the waves, and then rolls about with his wet plumage on the beach until his wings are quite covered with sand. Then he once more rises into the air and hovers over his intended victim. Swooping down quite close to him, he claps his wings, flings the sand into the eyes of the unfortunate brute, and thoroughly scares it by repeated blows of his pinions. The blinded ox rushes away to avoid the eagle's attacks, until he is completely exhausted, or tumbles down some precipitous cliff.

#### POLITICAL PROPHECY.

ARTHUR YOUNG, Lord Chesterfield and William Cobbett are not exactly the kind of men whom we should expect to find among the prophets. Arthur Young was a shrewd traveler, with a keen eye for leading facts, and a remarkable power of describing what he saw in plain, homely words. Chesterfield was a literary and philosophical dandy, who, richly furnished with the small coin of wisdom, and fearing nothing so much as indecorum, would have been a great teacher if the earth had been a drawing-room. Cobbett was a coarse, rough English farmer, with an extraordinary power of reasoning at the dictate of his prejudices, and with such a faculty of writing racy, vigorous English as excites the admiration and the despair of scholars. It seems almost ludicrous to speak of such men as prophets. And yet Arthur Young foretold the coming of the French Revolution at a time when the foremost men of France did not dream

that the greatest of political convulsions was soon to lay low the proudest of monarchies. And the dandified morality of Lord Chesterfield did not prevent him from making a similar prediction. Cobbett made a guess which was still more notable: for, at the beginning of the present century, he foretold the secession of the Southern States. But the most remarkable of all the secular prophets who have spoken to our time is Heine. He might seem, indeed, to have been a living irony on the very name of prophet, for he read backwards all the sanctities of religion and all the commands of the moral law. Essentially a humorist, and to whom life seemed now the saddest of mysteries and now the most laughable of jokes, he made sport of everything that he touched. His most fervid English devotee, Mr. Matthew Arnold, is forced to admit that he was profoundly disrespectful. He quarreled with his best friends for frivolously petty reasons, and he repaid their kindness by writing lampoons which are masterpieces at once of literary skill and of malignity. Neither Voltaire nor Pope scattered calumnies with such a lack of scruple, and Byron himself was not a more persistent or a more systematic voluptuary. Yet Heine was so true a prophet that his predictions might have been accounted the work of inspiration if he had been as famed for piety or purity as he was notorious for irreligion and profligacy. He predicted that Germany and France would fight, and that France would be utterly put down. He predicted that the line of fortifications which M. Thiers was then building round Paris would draw to the capital a great hostile army, and that they would crush the city as if they were a contracting iron shroud. He predicted that the Communists would some day get the upper hand in Paris, that they would strike in a spirit of fiendish rage at the statues, the beautiful buildings, and all the other tangible marks of the civilization which they sought to destroy; that they would throw down the Vendôme Column in their hate of the man who had made France the foe of every other people; and that they would further show their execration for his memory by taking his ashes from the Invalides and flinging them into the Seine. All these predictions, save the last, have been fulfilled to the letter, and it would need be a bolder prophet than even Heine himself to say that the last will not be verified also. For nothing is more remarkable in France than the success with which the International is teaching the artisans that the first as well as the third Napoleon was the worst enemy of their class. Although they still regard his achievements with pride, they fervently believe that he was the foe of their order, and the acts of the Commune showed their eagerness to insult his name. And there may be another Commune. Intrepid prophets would say that there certainly will be another. If that should happen, it is quite possible that the fanatics of the International may fling the ashes of the great soldier into the Seine to mark their abhorrence of military glory.

#### PANAMA HATS.

EVERY one who has heard anything of Panama has probably heard of the far-famed Panama straw hats. And who has not remarked, on the Boulevards at Paris, the shop filled with these hats, and with characteristic exactness dedicated in the old Parisian style, "aux docks de Panama"? Alas, for the illusions of commerce! There are really no Panama hats, as there are no docks at Panama. The hats in question are so called in the same way, but hardly with the same right that the hats made in Tuscany are called Leghorn hats. The Panama hats are made chiefly in the neighboring Republics of Ecuador and Peru, though some are manufactured in the interior of New Granada, but all are merely shipped from Panama. Madame Ida Pfeiffer says, "Both sexes (in Panama) wear little round straw hats, which they know how to plait; but these do not look well on the women, as they are too small, and scarcely serve to cover the thick plaits of their hair." Here the traveler was mistaken. The hats worn at Panama are the hats above described; but none are made there but those of coarse straw worn by men only. We have seen another published account which states that "The province of Panama produces much more than Peru. It is supposed that not less than sixty or eighty thousand hats are annually exported from the province of Panama. If the average price of a hat is reckoned at two piastres, these exportations will represent a value of about \$200,000." We dare say the natives of the Isthmus heartily wish this was the case. The account goes on to say, however, with more correctness, "The plaiting of these hats occupies the whole of the Indian colony of Moyobamba, on the banks of the Amazon, to the north of Lower Peru. In this village men and women, children and old men are equally busy. The inhabitants are all seen seated before the cottages plaiting hats, and smoking cigarettes. The straw is plaited on a thick piece of wood, which the workman holds between his knees. The centre is begun first, and the work continued onward to the rim. The time most favorable for this kind of work is the morning of rainy days, when the atmosphere is saturated with moisture. At noon, or when the weather is clear, the straw is dry, and apt to break, and these breakings appear in the form of knots when the work is done. The leaves of the bombonaxa, to be fit to be used, are gathered before their complete development. They are steeped in hot water until they become white. When this operation is terminated, each plant is separately dried in a chamber where a high temperature is kept up. The bombonaxa is then bleached for two or three days. The straw thus prepared is dispatched to all the places where the inhabitants occupy themselves in plaiting hats; and the Indians of Peru employ the straw not only for hats, but also in making those delicious little cigar-cases."

These hats are also very durable, and when washed with care look almost as well after a year's wear as when new. These are, however, heavy, which, I think, makes them to some extent unsuitable for a hot climate. They are also very expensive; a good one costs from twenty to forty dollars,

as well as a dollar every time it is cleaned. They are much worn by South Americans and West Indians, and no native girl of the lower classes considers herself properly dressed to go out of the house without one. The hats worn by these classes cost from two to ten dollars each.

The author of "Three Years in Chili" correctly says, "Guayaquil is the great depot for Panama hats, 800,000 dollars worth being sold annually. The grass of which they are made is found chiefly in the neighboring province of San Cristoval. They can be braided only in the night or early in the morning, as the heat in the day-time renders the grass brittle. It takes a native about three months to braid one of the finest quality; and I saw some hats which looked like fine linen, and are valued at fifty dollars a piece even here."

The above estimate is, however, much too large. The value of the hats exported from Guayaquil in 1853 did not amount to \$200,000. In 1862 it was about \$220,000, while in 1861 it was under \$150,000.

#### THE GYPSIES OF GRANADA.

WHERE the gypsies originally came from no one knows. The general belief is that they are descended from the Egyptians, as their name implies; some say, however, that they were driven from Asia by that great scourge of humanity, Timour the Tartar; others believe them to be the lost tribes of the children of Israel, doomed to wander through the earth homeless. Some affirm that they came from Roumania, as they are still called "Romany" among themselves. This theory is supported by the evidence of large numbers haunting the wild regions adjacent to the country of Roumania. At the present time, undoubtedly, the greatest number of the gypsy tribe is to be found in the forests of Hungary and upon the steppes of Russia. Strange, however, it is that the gypsies are a marked race of people wherever they are to be found. They speak a universal language, modified only by provincial influence. They practice a general fraternity, and in every country they have the same wandering, predatory existence. They entered Spain four hundred years ago, and from the adaptability of the country to their tastes and pursuits, they have clung tenaciously to their adopted home. Horse-dealing is the favorite trade of gypsies, probably because it offers the greatest scope for rascality. Smuggling and the anvil are the chief occupations of the tribes of Granada. The Government allows them to settle here rent free; but there is a law, which is watched with jealous care, limiting the number who may be in residence in the gypsy quarters to five thousand. Should they exceed this number when the roll is called, they have to migrate; the result of which is that they overrun the country, and every town has its gypsy quarter, which invariably bears an evil reputation. The men are liable to be called upon for military service, the consequence of which is that all the men having youth and health prefer leaving their homes and leading a wandering life rather than endure the restraints of military discipline. In the Summer time the food of these people are chiefly the fruit of the cactus and the prickly pear, grown plentifully and without trouble around their miserable dwellings, and upon the slopes of the neighboring mountains.

It can hardly be said that they have any true religious knowledge, though they are powerfully influenced by feelings of superstition, founded upon the mysteries of religious faith. The crucifix and pictures of the Virgin are the most striking objects in every dwelling; and in their conversation, whilst using freely the most profane oaths, they attach singular importance to the name of the Virgin Mary. They scrupulously attend confession, and we see numbers of them silently kneeling in the churches before the altars. In the remote mountain districts priests frequently join the company of bands of brigands, or take residence in a convenient place adjacent to favorite places of seclusion. All have a superstitious horror of dying without the consoling priestly offices of the Roman Catholic Church, and, no doubt, it must be a convenient luxury to such desperate characters to have a priest at hand to relieve their burdened consciences at convenient moments. It is said that the women are trained to a high sense of their duties to their husbands. Chastity is held in great repute amongst the whole gypsy tribe. This is more singular, as their habits of life must be provocative of licentious habits; and, moreover, their standard of morality in every other respect is the lowest possible. It is said, however, that they are strictly honorable in dealing with their own people, and they use every effort to repay obligations amongst themselves. They are lavish in their entertainments, particularly upon the occasion of wedding festivities, oftentimes involving themselves in life-long obligations. Gypsy women have always been famous as fortune-tellers, and in Granada, where the very atmosphere is filled with the infection of wonder, romance and superstition, it may readily be supposed that this customary pursuit finds favor. The "Buena ventura" is everywhere in favor, and the old cronies themselves verily believe in the efficacy of the potions and philters they prescribe. Love and revenge are the cardinal weaknesses to which they administer, and when it is remembered that they have, as a race, studied the secret power of deadly poisons, they may well believe in their own prognostications. Among the peculiar customs which they have tenaciously preserved is their love for their national dances, which they perform to the sound of the guitar, accompanied by the lively click of the castanet.

#### AN ANCIENT EPITAPH.

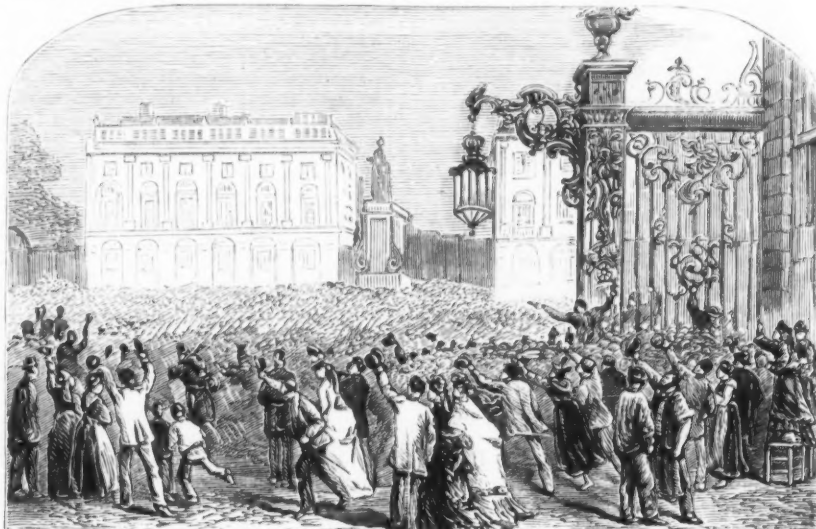
ASK not, Who ended here his span?  
His name, reproach, and praise was MAN.  
Did no great deeds adorn his course?  
No deed of his but show'd him worse;  
One thing was great, which God supplied—  
He suffered human life, and died;  
What points of knowledge did he gain?  
That life was sacred all, and vain;  
Sacred, how high—and vain, how low—  
He knew not here, but died to know.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



SPAIN.—THE SIEGE OF VALENCIA.



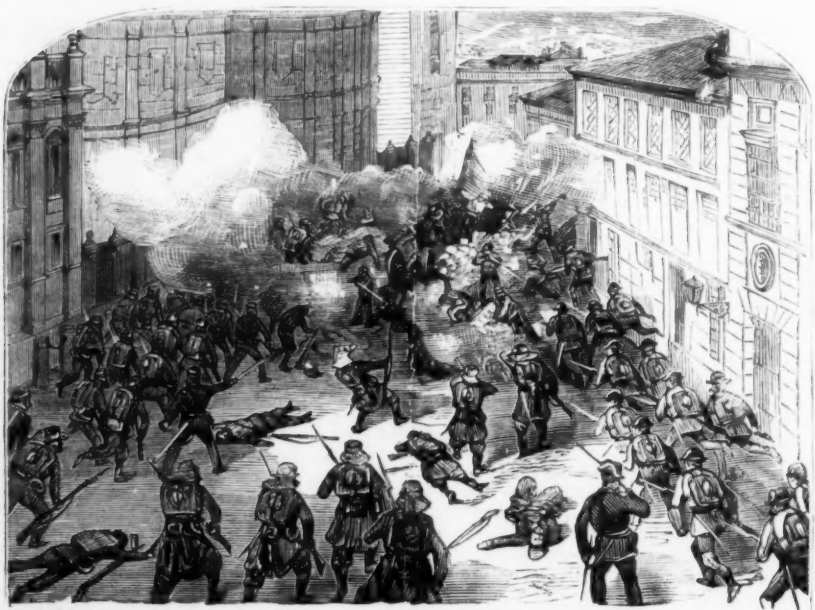
THE GERMAN EVACUATION OF FRENCH TERRITORY.—ENTRY OF FRENCH TROOPS INTO NANCY.



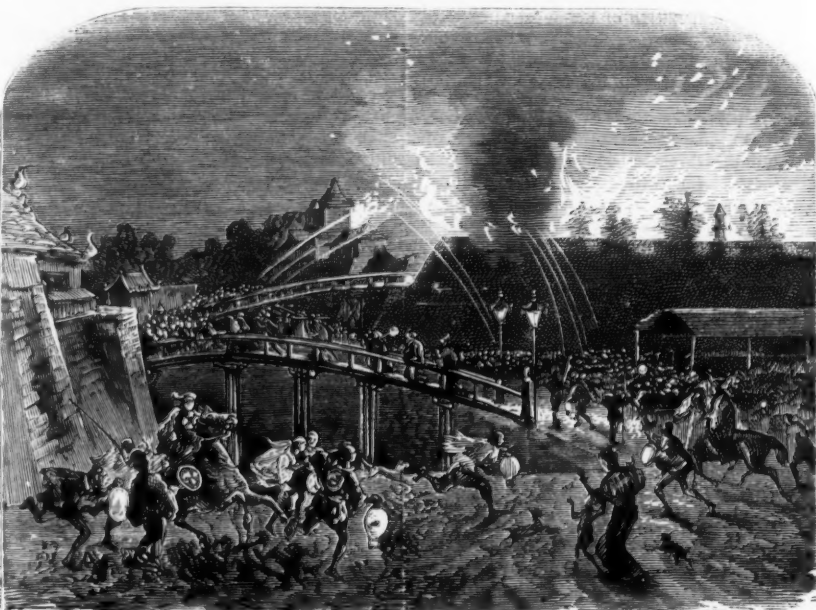
ENGLAND.—THE HOLYHEAD BREAKWATER AND HARBOR OF REFUGE, INAUGURATED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES



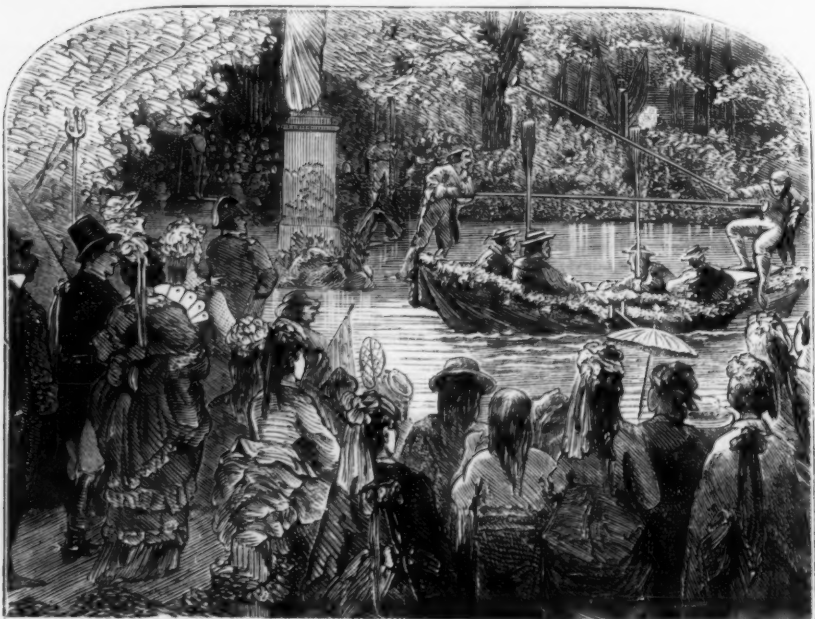
AUSTRIA.—ENCAMPMENT OF HUNGARIAN GYPSIES IN THE SUBURBS OF VIENNA DURING THE EXPOSITION.



SPAIN.—ATTACK AT SEVILLE ON THE INSURGENTS BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



JAPAN.—FIRE IN THE PALACE OF THE MIKADO AT YOKOHAMA.

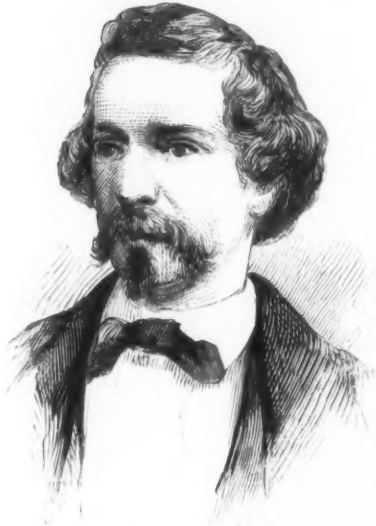


GERMANY.—FESTIVAL OF ARTISTS OF DUSSELDORF AT JACOBI GARDENS.



ENGLAND.—THE FÊTE NAPOLEON AT CHISELHURST—RECEPTION OF VISITORS BY EX-EMPERESS EUGÉNIE AT CAMDEN PLACE.

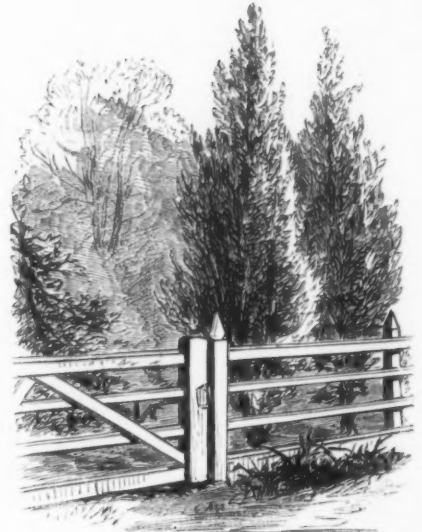




CHARLES G. KELSEY, WHO WAS TARRED AND FEATHERED AND MURDERED.



MRS. OAKLEY'S HOUSE, MISS SMITH'S RESIDENCE—SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.



THE LANE WHERE KELSEY WAS CAUGHT.

## THE HUNTINGTON (L. I.) TRAGEDY.

A PARTIAL SOLUTION OF THE KELSEY MYSTERY.

ON the 4th of November last, Charles G. Kelsey, a farmer residing at Huntington, L. I., attended an evening political meeting. At its close he started to return to his home, when he was suddenly seized by a party of men heavily masked, and hurried into Platt Street, about one block from the main avenue. On reaching an open lot in the rear of Mrs. Oakley's dwelling, the party halted, and awaited the arrival of reinforcements, likewise masked.

Mr. Kelsey, after recovering from the surprise of his sudden arrest, turned upon his captors, tore the masks from the faces of two, and,

RECOGNIZING THE ASSAILANTS, shouted, "I know you—you will repent this!" He struggled desperately to free himself, but was unable to cope with so many persons. No explanations were offered by the strange men for their outrageous conduct, and, without any ceremony beyond that of posting watchers, they began their diabolical work. The hair and whiskers of Kelsey were cut close to the skin. He struggled for his life, but was quickly overpowered. Several of his tormentors held him securely, while others proceeded to remove his clothing, and in a few moments he was



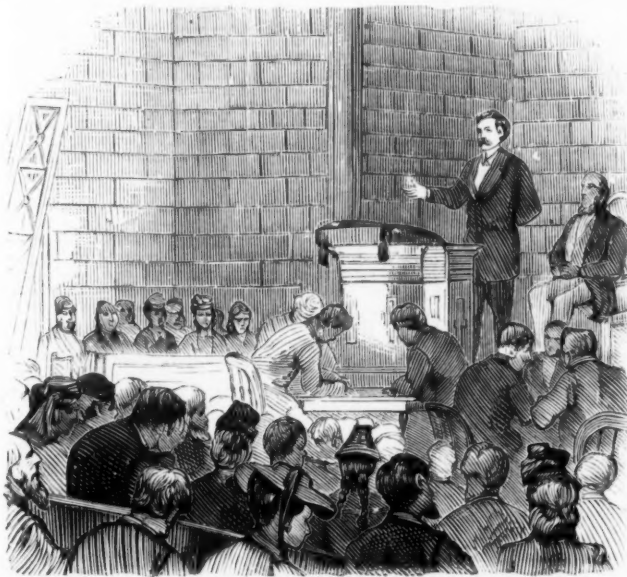
THE SHORE AT HUNTINGTON WHERE THE SUPPOSED REMAINS OF KELSEY WERE FOUND.

murdered, demanded an investigation. At his request, and upon his affidavit, Justice Montfort summoned Dr. George B. Banks, Royal, John and David Sammis, Claudius B. and Arthur Prince, and many others who were supposed to have witnessed the deed, and held a secret investigation. To this Royal Sammis, Dr. Banks, and others demurred, and went so far on more than one occasion as to attempt to interfere with the Justice. The Justice, however, carried his point, and the result of the examination was the indictment of Dr. Banks, Royal Sammis, and others for riot and assault. The trial was set down for the 15th of September, but by an order from Judge Barnard recently issued the case was transferred to the Court of Oyer and Terminer, which will meet in October.

### FINDING A PORTION OF THE BODY.

About noon on Friday, August 29th, two oystermen in Cold Spring Harbor saw an object floating between that point and Oyster Bay. They rowed towards it, and on taking it aboard discovered that it was a portion of a human body, which had evidently lain in the water for a long time.

The upper part of the body down to the waist was entirely gone, and the feet had also disappeared. A pair of pantaloons and drawers covered the legs, which were comparatively well preserved. The pantaloons were buttoned around the waist. The pocket of the pantaloons contained a gold



THE KELSEY FUNERAL—SCENE IN THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

### STRIPPED TO THE SKIN.

The night was intensely cold, and the subject of the outrage shivered fearfully. A man approached with a pail of hot tar, another produced a bag of feathers. Kelsey made one more attempt to free himself. He was again seized, and supported in an erect position. A masked person stepped up to him with the pail and a brush, and began the

### WASHING WITH BOILING TAR.

As soon as the body was covered to the satisfaction of the men, one approached and threw handful after handful of feathers upon the body. It was then about ten o'clock. Several persons were at the time in the house of Mrs. Oakley. Adjoining Mrs. Oakley's dwelling are the houses of Dr. Banks, Dr. Burgess and William J. Wood. About nine o'clock Dr. Banks called upon Mr. Wood, and informed him "they had caught Kelsey." He said he did not know who "they" referred to; did not know what was to be done to Kelsey, but supposed "they" intended to punish him. Dr. Banks requested Mr. Wood to go to Mrs. Oakley's house, and upon the latter agreeing, he found therein Royal Sammis, Mrs. Oakley, Miss Julia and Miss Abby Smith. The

### INTRODUCTION OF LADIES INTO THE SCENE.

was made shortly after. All the party went outside, one carrying a lantern. Reaching the spot of the outrage, the lantern was swung about Kelsey to enable the ladies to take a clear survey of his frightful condition. Kelsey was wild with pain, and seizing one of his boots, he flung it at the lantern. The victim then took a turn towards the gate, as if endeavoring to escape. Some one said at this time, "I ring

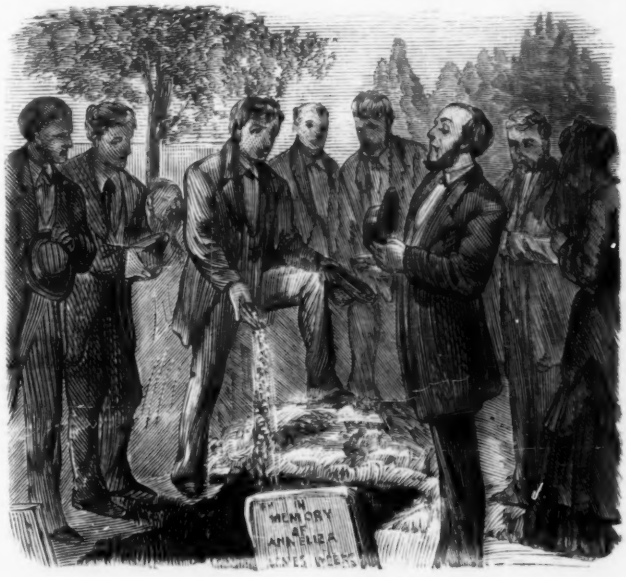
him back." Then he was brought back and kept standing three or four minutes, and then some one said "Let him go." There were four or five masked guards around him. Subsequently, it is supposed that Kelsey went directly to his room, for he was heard to go down-stairs and out into the yard. That was the last ever heard of him by his friends. A bucket was found in the yard, and it was evident that he had gone down-stairs to get water with which to wash off, if possible, some of the signs of the outrage to which he had been subjected. The next morning, when the premises were examined, evidences of a desperate struggle were found, and the grass bore the marks of hoofs and wheels which led towards Lloyd's Beach, a point about five miles from the village.

That same day, and on the same beach, two little boys found a shirt, a boot, two lemons, and a necktie, which were identified as having belonged to Kelsey. The shirt was bloody. The lemons Kelsey had purchased for his sister before going to the meeting already mentioned. The boot was the mate to that which he had thrown at the man who held the lantern while he and his friends were gloating over the misery of their victim. On the succeeding day James Hood, who lives on the beach, said that he saw two men in a boat the night before near Lloyd's Pier. There was

### A LARGE BUNDLE IN THE BOAT

when she went out, but when she returned the men were in her, and the bundle had disappeared.

Soon after the disappearance, Henry F. Kelsey, the brother of Charles G., complained before Justice Montfort, and alleging that his brother had been



THE KELSEY FUNERAL—THE GRAVE SCENE.

watch-chain, and the opinion being prevalent that the remains were those of Charles G. Kelsey, Coroner Baylis sent for his brothers, Henry F. and William, who came speedily at his request. As soon as they saw the chain they identified it as that of their murdered brother, and explained that on the night of his disappearance, and doubtless after the tarring and feathering, he went to his room and took off his watch, which was found there the next morning without a chain. They were positive in their

### IDENTIFICATION OF THE CHAIN.

The body was found nearly opposite Lloyd's Beach, the point at which James Hood saw the two mysterious men in a boat on the night of the murder. It is thought that the body was heavily weighted, and that the fish having eaten the trunk, the legs were relieved from the weight which held them to the bottom. The physicians testified that the evidence was not against the body being Kelsey's.

On Saturday, August 30th, an official investigation was commenced by Coroner Baylis, and the portion of the remains discovered were shown to be those of Kelsey. The chain was positively identified by several members of the family. The testimony of witnesses was very voluminous, and that of the physicians to the effect that Kelsey's body had been brutally mutilated before his death; and that of Mr. Woods, repeating a threat made by Royal Sammis on the night of the outrage, that he was

### DETERMINED TO HAVE KELSEY PUNISHED,

if he had to stay up from New York a week to do it, contributed greatly to the excitement of the case.



THE ANTI-TAR PARTY HEADQUARTERS AT HUNTINGTON.

THE KELSEY MYSTERY.—SCENES OF THE HUNTINGTON (L. I.) EXCITEMENT.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



## THE CAUSE OF THE OUTRAGE.

as far as can be ascertained at present, may be accounted for by the following statements:

Seven or eight years before the date of his disappearance he became enamored of Miss Smith, a young lady of the village, and for the last two or three years of his life is alleged to have been too violent in pressing his suit upon her. Miss Smith's friends say that she never encouraged his attentions, but, on the contrary, gently urged him to discontinue them. Debarred from visiting her, he took refuge in epistolary attacks, and, Miss Smith's friends say, wrote her a large number of grossly insulting letters, which she had no means of resenting. During the last year of Mr. Kelsey's life Miss Smith became engaged to Mr. Royal Sammis, of Huntington, and when this became known to him, Kelsey is represented to have redoubled the number and the violence of his attacks, so that at one time Mr. Sammis was forced to bring him to a reckoning. On this occasion, it is said, Mr. Kelsey promised reform. Some months before the disappearance of Kelsey, Mrs. Oakley, Miss Smith's grandmother, sought to have him arrested for annoying her granddaughter. To effect her purpose she consulted the District Attorney, but when Miss Julia learned that she would have to appear in court, she begged that no further steps be taken.

This is one side of the story. On the other side are arrayed many of the personal friends of Mr. Kelsey, as well as numerous relatives, who unite in saying that Mr. Kelsey was encouraged by Miss Smith, and that the allegation that he wrote her insulting and indecent letters is untrue. They do not deny the receipt of the letters or their insulting character, but they do say that Kelsey never wrote them—that he was incapable of such ungentlemanly conduct.

## THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

were held in the Second Presbyterian Church, on Friday, September 5th, and the remains interred in the old burying-ground, the Rev. W. W. Knox and the Rev. T. M. Terry, of Cold Springs, officiating.

## A SUMMER RETREAT.

I KNOW a deep grove where the nightingales build,  
Where songs on the midnight fall mellow and free,  
Where the moss-covered pathways have never been trod,  
Nor the smoke of a city stain'd blossom or tree;

And there in the sweet Summer twilight I stroll,  
In quiet to muse on the pleasures gone by,  
Or to watch, while reclined on a blossom-clad knoll,  
The last rosy streaks fade away in the sky.

Then the winds sink in slumber, the branches grow still,  
The cool dew like manna falls light on the green;  
And a star o'er the gaunt tree that drowns the dark hill  
A soft ray of silver throws over the scene.

There, soothed by the stillness and cheered by the star,  
I drink the mid cup of a tranquil delight,  
Till the boom of a lone bell sounds faintly and far,  
And I bid the green Eden a loving good-night!

## THE TWO LETTERS.

## CHAPTER I.

WE had been boys together, had loved and played with each other, yet now—Pshaw! What was it? We were both men—men in years, knowledge, and muscle. A word and it would have been a blow, but that I, who was the stronger of the two, had seized upon Rupert's wrist and compelled his wrath to respect me. And so, with a fierce torrent of angry words he had come from me, while I sat before my desk, twirling my pencil and wondering what it could have been which had induced Rupert to forget our old fellowship so thoroughly and completely.

Yes, I do not shame to confess it, I was astonished, and justly so.

I was unable to say what it was that had brought this fierce anger upon me. I strove to remember what it had been we were talking of. Nothing presented itself very clearly to my mind.

We had been talking of Julia Riverside, and I had given him an odd page from my knowledge of the woman. We had been laughing together, then I had said something, and Rupert's hot Southern blood had flamed up. His eyes had flashed fire. Beautiful eyes they were, too—dark, subtle, and flashing as those of a panther. He leapt to his feet with an angry oath, and in another minute had leveled a blow at me. My rapidity of movement alone had enabled me to catch the arm and avoid it, and then his exasperation had poured itself out in words. If it had not been that I really loved Rupert, I should not have endured what he said. And then he had rushed from me.

Let me see what I had said to—that I had told him.

It was some two years since I had last seen Julia Riverside—more than two since, as I believed, Rupert had last seen her. She was a handsome woman, sleek and pleasant to look at, and with a winning smile. Her speech might have won the devil himself to her feet if so she had willed it. I had been retracing for him my old acquaintance with her, and showing him how at one time she had wound my heart round her fingers. Then I had told him how I had made a fool of myself, and thrown my love, metaphorically of course, before her feet, and how, in like manner, metaphorically, she had trampled upon it. Afterwards, I had shown him her last letter.

Why, it must have been that!

I had placed it within the drawer of my writing-table, when he left the apartment.

I would look at it again.

Opening the drawer, I drew from it the envelope, and opened it. There was no letter within it. I searched for it among the papers on my table, and on the floor. It was gone.

He had taken it with him.

Well! if he wished to return it, let him have it. I set no value upon it. But what on earth was there in it to throw him into such a paroxysm of wrath? It had been very short, and perhaps touching. I could remember its whole contents—word for word. They ran thus:

"MY POOR ELLIOTT—If I had known what was coming when you spoke to me yesterday, I would have endeavored to spare you. But what good would it have been? We all have to awaken some day from our first dream. It may be fortunate for you to waken yourself and look with clear eyes upon life so early.

"You must know that I am too old to value a boy's heart, and perhaps, also, not old enough" (when I remembered this phrase I could not help laughing, for, although made up into a wonderful simulation of youth, I had since learned that Julia Riverside was old enough to be my mother)—let me repeat her words—"and perhaps, also, not old enough to prize it as I some day shall. So, my

poor, dear Elliott, when I am far from you forget me, and forget the pain I may have caused you."

"JULIA."

Cold-blooded enough as I thought now, yet, then, what a passion of hot, fierce, bright tears had I shed over it.

How I had read and reread its carefully measured sentences.

But what was there in this letter to have induced Rupert to blaze out at my luckless person in the savage manner he had done? This I could not understand. Still less could I divine what reason could have induced him to walk off with a document which I had often enough wondered at myself for preserving.

At all events, I thought to myself, as I turned again to my work, I should see Rupert when another morning had risen on him and found his wrath cooler. An apology he might not possibly volunteer to so old a friend as I was.

But he certainly would explain to me the reason for his strange fit of anger, and his stranger touch of petty jealousy.

I was, however, entirely wrong.

Long years have passed. I know not, or, rather, until this morning, knew not whether Rupert might be living or dead. He had, so to say, vanished, and had, consequently, never told me the reasons of his strange conduct on the occasion of my last interview with him.

These I learnt from Julia Riverside herself.

## CHAPTER II.

"THE woman"—for so I called her, and see no reason in any way for changing my style in speaking of her—was some two years subsequently brought into intimate contact with me.

She had then changed her name by marriage. The lucky individual who had become her nominal owner was an acquaintance of mine, who resided in a neighboring city.

Of course, I had very little idea, considering the some seventy or eighty miles distance between us, and the fact that my acquaintance with the husband was of the most distant kind, that I should ever be brought into juxtaposition with her—still less that I should ever become intimate with her again.

Yet, it happened that I did so, and as it chanced, in a rather singular manner.

I had been spending one of the Summer months with a bachelor friend of mine near Nahant, and being addicted to long walks as well as solitary boating, while my friend relished companionship, was pretty nearly as solitary as if I had been residing by myself.

Indeed, I very rarely saw Tom Grierson, save at our early breakfast or at our late dinner and in the evening.

One day, on one of my long rambles, I was startled by the rushing trample of a horse behind me. On turning I saw that its rider—a female—had lost all control of the animal. Her face was white with terror. She would have cried to me for help if she had power to do so. Of course, I could make a capital bit of description out of what followed if I cared about doing so, and paint my conduct as that of a veritable hero. But what would be the good of it?

I stopped the brute by the use of my muscle, and a shrewd coolness which seldom deserts me.

The female had fainted.

It was the woman who had been Julia Riverside. The groom who had been accompanying her when her horse ran away with her was not long in coming up with us.

I had removed Julia from her saddle, and was just about conveying her to his care when she came to herself.

There was a quick gulp, like that of a person who is plucked senseless out of the water, then a short struggle, after which she opened her eyes, and, then closing them again, she lay in my arms as if she was dead.

"Oh, Lord!" I thought to myself, "I must get rid of her."

But she had no notion of letting me off so easily. Opening her eyes again, she sighed out one word. It was:

"Elliott!"

I am free to admit I was a fool, but, upon my word, when I heard her, the old feeling, for a moment rushed back upon me. I forgot that she was married—that she had dismissed me so coolly, and that I had in turn dismissed her memory from my heart. Indeed, I am ashamed to say that, in spite of the brute of a groom being present, I, in turn, murmured:

"Julia!"

He, however, very quickly recalled himself to my consciousness.

"What did you say, sir?"

I should have thrust her into his arms at once, had not Julia Melton—this was her married name—altogether recovered her consciousness, and become aware of her situation.

"Where is my horse, Tom?"

"Here, madame."

"Mr. Elliott Windham is an old friend of mine. He will ride home with me."

Thomas looked round, as if in search of my consent. His doubting look was, however, instantly changed into a very discontented expression by an imperative injunction from his mistress to vacate his saddle and walk home. The walk was some six miles, and I do not wonder at his discontent, nor at his arrival at Melton Villa considerably the worse for liquor.

The woman had once more captured me.

Mind, I do not say that she had reduced me to the state of bondage in which I had been previous to the letter Rupert had so coolly appropriated. But she had made me the captive of her bow and spear, i.e., of her sweet tongue and her bright eyes, for the time being.

I knew Melton.

That was quite enough for her, and she knew it.

So I was compelled to go home with her, and remain to dine with Melton.

## CHAPTER III.

NOW, I knew that Melton was younger than myself. Naturally enough it might have seemed that her implied rejection of me on the score of my youth would have also applied to him.

Deuce a bit of it.

Melton was a millionaire. The woman, with her winningly sleek smile, had bagged his heart as she had done mine. But I was a disreputably poor individual in the days when I had been in love with her. Although she had been "too old to value a boy's heart," she was quite young enough to value a boy's purse, and so she had accepted him at once.

Do not think that I was at all jealous of him.

Not at all; although he was still as spooney over the woman as I might have been for the first half-dozen of months, supposing that she had accepted me.

His toadying of his wife was in fact so disgusting, and my contemptuous recognition of it was, I suppose, so evident, that one morning, shortly after,

when I was alone with the woman, she looked up sleekly and winningly into my face, saying:

"Upon my word, Elliott—we had slidden into our old habits of speech—I am really growing disgusted with you."

I knew what she meant.

"As I am become with your husband."

"Now, Elliott, don't be a fool!" she responded, with a slight flavor of bitterness in her accent. You know as well as I do that I had to make a respectable marriage before I was quite out of the running, and if I choose to make the man happy, haven't I the right to do it?"

Let me frankly own that for the moment the cool hardihood of her avowed nonplussed me. I, however, managed to mumble out:

"Of course, Julia!"

"I see," she rejoined, "you have not yet forgiven me."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated. "You don't suppose I care a—"

There I stopped. I had been going to say something which a woman rarely forgives, whether she draws it upon herself or not. However, it must certainly be granted that Julia was not in any way thin-skinned, for she ended the sentence for me in very much the same style I had intended to complete it.

"A single dot for me now." She, however, put a qualifying tail on the disparaging observation which had not occurred to me when I commenced it, by adding, "save in the way of friendship." Necessarily, I bowed. "You see, you and that dear little miff, Rupert, were both as poor as a couple of church-mice, while I was even poorer. Besides, I was old enough to be the mother of either of you, or very nearly so."

"And Melton."

"You're a goose, Elliott," she said, petulantly. "Melton is a good fellow, and a capital husband."

I was already ashamed of myself for talking to the woman in this way, partly because I was growing conscious that I had not quite forgotten my old feelings towards her, and I imagined she suspected I had not.

But she had alluded to Rupert, and had given me the chance to speak of him. I would at all events settle the question, and find out what had induced him to appropriate her letter to me.

"You alluded to Rupert," I said, very stiffly, "Mrs. Melton!"

"Yes, I did," she replied, with a mutinous shrug. "And up to the present time you have never addressed any inquiry to me touching him."

"And pray, why on earth should I?"

"Simply because, in some way or other, your letter of refusal to me—my conversation here had been very energetic—chanced to become the cause upon his part of a sudden termination to our former friendship."

"No! Indeed, was it, Elliott?" she somewhat equivocally replied.

"He took it from me."

"Did he?"

"I might say, he stole it."

"How droll!"

Her manner was so sharply, and I may add, so merrily odd, that I felt confoundedly annoyed by it, so much so that I answered as sharply, if not as merrily:

"And rushed from me in a fit of fury."

"That was very stupid of him," was her prompt response.

"On the next day," I rejoined, with even more acerbity, "he had packed up his traps and gone."

"And where," she asked, "may the dear little donkey chance to be at the present moment?"

Let me own that the tone of this question made me positively wrathful.

"How should I know?" I blurted out. "In Australia or Kamtachatka or, possibly, on his way to the North Pole."

"How exceedingly absurd of him!"

"I should think so," I said, sullenly, for I began to see that she either did not know anything, or had made up her mind to tell me nothing, about him.

"Naturally enough you do," she answered, with what I may say was a perfectly malignant composure.

And so our conversation about Rupert came to a conclusion, and as the horse had been ordered some half an hour since, Mrs. Julia Melton retired for the purpose of assuming her riding-habit. Shortly after we were cantering together along the road by the curving beach, and had relapsed into our usual style of conversation.

## CHAPTER IV.

TWO days after this I had to return to the city. The drudgery of my business peremptorily recalled me from my brief Summer vacation.

The woman knew it.

By special invitation, I dined the day preceding my return with her and Melton.

It was—let me own it, for she really had some good points, and her husband had money enough for her to develop them—a capital dinner. There was an excellent soup, salmon and a good roast, besides the other necessary etceteras, including chablis and champagne.

Well, the dinner passed.

After it, I was reclining on the balcony, indulging in a choice cigar with Melton, when his wife, after a short silence, spoke.

"So, Mr. Elliott, you leave us to-morrow?"

"I intend doing so."

As I made her this answer I rubbed my hands softly together. To acknowledge the fact, I was glad to get away from her. The truth is, she was too deucedly fascinating for my comfort, now that I knew she was married.

"If so, I have something to give you before you go."

"Don't, Julia!" said Melton.

I should have imagined he was annoyed, but for the irrepressible enjoyment flashing from his eyes. What could have made him smile? and what could she be going to confide to me? Love certainly had nothing to do with it. No woman—wife or widow—would make love in this barefaced way, under the very nose of another, even if this other had no pre-emption right over her.

However, when I bade her farewell I had to receive her parting gift.

Thrusting the package into my breast-pocket—it was no great weight or size—I managed to get home that night, having first given her my word as a gentleman not to open it until I had left Nahant behind me. As the door closed upon my departing figure I could have sworn that I heard a silvery feminine if quiet laugh, and the suppressed chuckle of a heavier and more masculine voice.

Hang it! They were laughing at me.

But for my promise I would have discovered the reason for her diabolical giggle that very night; but, of course, no gentleman could break his word. I was obliged to defer untying the dainty bit of ribbon round the little parcel until I left Nahant, upon my return to the scene of my daily work.

At last I was on my way.

I took out the package, and removed the ribbon.

Ha!

Two letters!

One was that which Rupert had taken from me. The other was in an envelope addressed to him, and in her handwriting, too. The whole thing at once flashed upon me. I opened the second letter at once.

It began with "My poor Rupert," and was throughout the two pages of blue-tinted notepaper, word for word, the fac-simile of mine. It was signed as mine had been—"Julia," and bore the same date, or, rather, the same day of the week.

It was all clear.

He had stolen my letter, and inclosed them both to the woman.

Yes, here was something I had not before noticed; the very envelope in which he had done so.

After this he had departed from her and me, both, to parts unknown.

Had he suffered less, I may frankly say my self-love would have suffered more. I did not even swear at the woman, as, with a sigh, I tore the two letters into infinitesimal—Poo! that would have been an impossibility. However, I tore them into very small fragments, and tossed them from me. Perhaps I may now regret having done so.

Several years have passed since then, and I am still unmarried, but am on the most friendly and confidential terms with the woman and her husband. Indeed, Melton has been of great service to me; and is still, as he then was, the devoted slave of her who had once been Julia Riverside, old as she now is.

## THE CITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

(Continued from page 28.)

from the Great West, and the shipment of supplies thereto, create a busy scene along the docks which line the banks of that aforesaid muddy creek. But it is not with statistics, or of tabular statements, or of the dry, musty records of history, that I propose to deal; but rather with the wish to present this really beautiful city in an acceptable aspect to the stranger, as well as to those who, having visited her precincts, have not given her that attention which her beauty demands, that I write. Beyond saying that Buffalo was laid out in 1801, became a military post, in 1812, was burned by the British in 1813, was incorporated as a village in 1823, and chartered as a city in 1832, I shall leave statistics to the guide-books, and, taking the reader under my guidance, show him some of the attractive features of this "gateway of the West."

First impressions are the most lasting, and, therefore, the visitor should see Buffalo for the first time from the lake. One would not judge of the beauty of a maiden by her back-hair; and the approach to the city by rail is like forming our conception of her features by looking at the back of her neck. Standing upon the deck of an incoming steamer, we look her in the face, and she greets us with a pleasant smile, which breaks in ripples of spray around the mouth of her harbor, and lights up every feature with animation. Gazing thus upon her most salient features, we judge her character at a glance. Directly in front, and stretching away off to the right of us, we see a long pier or breakwater, erected at immense cost, and still incomplete, which protects the front of the city from the treacherous waves of the lake, and forms a wide and spacious harbor, in which a navy might ride. On the nearer end behold one of those eyes, whose glances, scintillating afar, have so often at night proved a blessing and a comfort to the storm-tossed mariner; for, this calm, pleasant-looking sheet of water, which now is a mirror, reflecting the white, fleecy clouds floating far above it, can get up, without the slightest apparent effort, storms of the most appalling character. Beyond, on an inner pier, projecting boldly from the mouth of the creek, is another beacon, which guides us directly to the haven we seek. In front of the entire city stretches a sea-wall, behind which, on the right, are sheltered the immense, many-shaped and dingy-brown elevators which betoken the source of the city's business and wealth; and on the left, protecting the canal, the depots, trestles, manufactories and other adjuncts of trade and commerce. The background is made up of massive business structures and private residences, peeping above the trees; while the numerous graceful spires rising majestically heavenwards exhibit the good taste with which the city's accumulated wealth has been spent.

Gliding gently by the inner pier, and threading her way among a host of moving and stationary steamers, barges, vessels and tugs, our "floating palace" lands her passengers at a dock at the foot of Main Street, in the midst of all the bustle and activity of the business centre. A long gallery projecting from the front of the second story of the buildings fronting on the dock forms the Bourse, or Exchange.

"Where merchants most do congregate."

and whence they can view their galleys from their first appearance on the distant horizon, through all the course of their unloading, reloading and departure, until they disappear again afar off on their way to the Great West. Here are located the offices of the elevators, telegraph lines, insurance companies, grain-dealers, shippers, and, in fact, all the business connected with the transhipment of grain. Here fortunes are made and lost in a day, and at all times, except when Old Boreas comes down from the North and closes up the avenues of trade with bars of ice, an exciting and busy scene is presented by the moving masses of men of all classes, from the millionaire whose nod can expedite or retard the current of all this trade, to the miserable gamins who earn a few pennies by ferrying passengers up and down and across the muddy creek.

But we must hurry on, and, passing up Main Street through the oldest portion of the business part of the city, a short walk brings us to "the Terrace," formerly the location of the chief city market and council-chamber, now given up to traffic. Here, looking about us, we see the location of most of the operations of Benjamin Rathbun, to whom, more than to any other one man, is Buffalo indebted for its present size, prosperity and beauty. His recent death has revived the history of his wrongs and sufferings, which are probably familiar to most general readers. He was the "Grard of the West." Industrious, persevering and indefatigable, he had but one great fault: he trusted too implicitly in others. His plans involved whole blocks of buildings: his men, horses and materials filled the streets; his store-houses, workshops and stables formed villages by themselves; his name was a host; his power was as good as gold; while he, a plain, frugal, unobtrusive man, was one of the most lovable individuals one would wish to know. With this tribute to the memory of one of Buffalo's greatest men, let us pass on up Main Street a block or two, to "the churches." This is the centre of the retail trade of the city, and at all times, both day and night, presents a lively scene.

Three streets radiate from Main Street at this point. Erie Street, running in a south-westerly direction, gives us a glimpse, at its further end, of the lake with its argosies of grain-laden vessels and



busy tugs; the centre, or Church Street, runs off in the direction of the Niagara River, giving a glimpse of the Canada shore under its vista of trees; while Niagara Street on the right, with its horse railroad, would carry us out northward to Black Rock, Tonawanda and Niagara Falls. On the angles caused by the junction of these streets stand "the churches," the one on the left, St. Paul's Cathedral (Episcopalian,) designed by Upjohn, being the most beautiful ornament of the city, and one of the notable church edifices of this country. Its spire, of solid freestone, rises gracefully to a height only a little short of our own Trinity, and contains a very fine chime of bells rung by a trained band of chime-ringers, the only one in the country. Its pastor is the Rev. Doctor Shelton. The church to the right of us—more modest than its neighbor, whose ivy-covered sides and towers remind us of "the old country"—is the "First Presbyterian," and is noted for the wealth of its congregation, and the eloquence of its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Fraser. Above St. Paul's may be seen in the distance the ornate spire of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral, which contains the finest chime of bells in this country, and with one exception we believe the finest in the world. It was purchased at the World's Fair in Paris, at an immense expense, but has the misfortune to be very badly hung, and its beautiful harmonies go for naught.

From "the churches" a short walk down Niagara Street brings us to Niagara Square, a very beautiful spot, but one which might be made much finer by a little judicious care and liberal appropriation on the part of the Park Commissioners. Four streets—Niagara, Court, Genesee, and Delaware—cross each other here at different angles, and the stranger is very apt, unless he carefully preserve his bearings, to become bewildered and "miss connections." Attracted by the beauty of his surroundings, he stops to admire, turns from point to point, and when he desires to continue his way, finds that he has lost it. Whatever else he may do, he can but admire the good taste of the Buffalonians in their penchant for trees, which, in singular contrast with the Board of Public Works of many cities we wot of, they have not only permitted to stand, but are constantly adding row to row, until this portion of the city seems to have been built in a forest. Two, and sometimes three rows of elms and other deciduous trees line either side of many of the public streets, affording agreeable shade in the summer, and forming beautiful vistas, in which the serried lines of brick and mortar serve only to relieve the monotony and add the charm of contrast of color. Delaware Street—the Fifth Avenue of Buffalo—is one of the finest avenues in the country, and is noted for its magnificent residences, the abodes of wealth, luxury and taste. Among the most notable of these, and seen in the centre of the sketch, peering above the surrounding foliage, is the mansion of ex-President Fillmore, who may be frequently met on the streets of the city, and who is recognized as *par excellence* the most urbane and gentlemanly man the city contains. He is universally acknowledged to be the beau-ideal of the fine old American gentleman, and the homage which is paid him whenever he makes his appearance on the street is a just tribute to his merits and the position which he has occupied. The spires seen on the left of the sketch belong to the Niagara Square Baptist Church, while the only other building of note in this immediate vicinity—the High or Central School—is seen on the extreme right.

Passing on up Delaware Street, the eye is continually attracted by the many handsome structures which line this charming avenue for miles, among which it would be invidious to particularize, and most difficult to select any one as the choicest, either for its architectural taste or the beauty of its surroundings. After a walk of a mile or more, however, we will turn off to the left through North Street, and a short half-mile brings us out in front of the palatial residence of Hon. William G. Fargo, which is so far superior to anything we have seen, that we have not hesitated to illustrate it, for no mere description could do justice either to its imposing appearance, the beauty of its surroundings, or the lavish expenditure upon its ornamentation and adornment. It occupies an entire square, bounded by Fargo Avenue, Jersey, Eleventh and Pennsylvania Streets. It is estimated that the entire structure, when completed, will cost rather over than under one million of dollars. Its appointments are complete, of course, in every respect, the stable alone costing more than many of the handsomest mansions on Delaware Street. The green-house is one of the largest and finest in the country, and the grounds are laid out with all the elegance and taste which wealth can command.

Of the interior of this palace we can only speak from hearsay, but are informed that the frescoing cost some ten thousand dollars; that the floors, wainscoting and doors, as well as all the interior fittings, are of the choicest and most beautiful woods that the wide world could produce, while the furniture is said to be princely in its ornate beauty. The hospitality of the owner of this palatial residence is only equaled by his munificence and good taste. From Fargo's residence to "the front" is but a short walk, and we find ourselves on a bluff overlooking "the canal," "the harbor," and presenting a beautiful view of the lake. A year or two since the spot whereon we stand was simply a rough commons, whence innumerable cows, goats, etc., belonging to the owners of the various shanties in the neighborhood, drew their sustenance. The Park Commissioners took it in hand as part of a wide and comprehensive plan of operations, and by leveling, raising, grading, terracing, planting of trees, etc., etc., have made it a very attractive spot, and intend it as the starting-point of a boulevard which shall run entirely around the upper part of the city, connecting with a series of parks and gardens that shall rival Central Park in its attractiveness and beauty. Fort Porter, which adjoins this pleasure-ground, has heretofore served as the breathing-place of the Buffalonians, and of a Summer afternoon the fashion and wealth of the city flocked to the evening parade of the one or two companies of United States troops generally stationed at this point, in carriages, on horseback and on foot, making each returning occasion a perfect levee.

There is nothing in or about the fort itself at all attractive. The Citadel is in ruins, having been burned out on the Fourth of July, some years ago, the barracks are mere sheds, the officers' quarters hardly fit for barracks, the guns dismantled, and the whole place dismantled and dilapidated, without the advantage of being picturesque. The view from the fort, however, is beautiful in the extreme, and is worthy of all the encomiums that can be lavished upon it, presenting, as it does, a charming panorama, extending over many miles of land and water. Beginning at the point where we first approached the city, we see on the left the spires, the elevators, depots and docks of Buffalo, with the long pier on which is the handsome lighthouse, at the entrance of the creek. Beyond is the new breakwater, with its light, a mere line drawn across in front, but forming a spacious harbor, filled oftentimes with vessels, steamers, rafts, and the ubiquitous little midgets of tugs, whose presence is often indicated only by the

long cloud-like strip of black smoke stretching across and disfiguring the horizon—a blotch of dark color over the beautiful aerial tints of a Summer sunset. The background here is formed by the rolling hills of Chautauqua County, over which is drawn a slight atmospheric veil—a lovely haze, which gives them a purple tint and lends additional "enchantment to the view." The lake is, however, the principal charm, and is always the chief attraction. Is there a man—a woman—"with soul so dead" as to look upon that beautiful sheet of water without emotion? If so, it has never been my misfortune to meet with either, and I trust I never may, for they would be "fit for treason's stratagems and spoils." The bosom of that lake is a mirror, reflecting the constantly varying tints of the clouds, or the blue ether above it, and presenting everchanging moods, from a calm, placid surface, with the sheen of polished silver, to the storm-tossed, angry, corrugated sea, with its long rows of white-capped waves rushing, rolling, roaring, and finally breaking in fierce contention on the shores or against the breakwaters, throwing their spray high above the piers and their lighthouses, or surging in vain fury over the sandspits and beaches; now glistening in the sunlight with a brilliancy too strong for the eyesight; now presenting those charming tints of green which only a Church has succeeded in reproducing; or anon, lowering in the colors of the night, "grand, gloomy and peculiar." The most familiar eyes look ever upon it with interest, and those who have known it from childhood see new beauties day by day. To the right we see the Canadian shore, on which a spot of gray locates the ruins of Old Fort Erie, so familiar to those who are versed in the history of the past. Further on, the village of Waterloo, or Victoria; and now, looking down the Niagara River, we see in the distance the new International Bridge, which is in progress of construction, and which is intended to link together the interests of the Dominion and "the States." Below, and before us, is the canal, with its fleets of boats passing and repassing, and "Black Rock Harbor"—a barrier thrown up so as to form a channel for vessels up and down the river, to and from Black Rock and Tonawanda. The river falls suddenly at this point, and for a mile or two the current is too strong, and the navigation dangerous for vessels and rafts, and hence "the harbor." The railroad in the foreground is the Niagara Falls branch of the New York Central, now little used for passenger traffic, since the construction of other lines around and back of the city. The Grand Trunk Road of Canada use it, however, for their connections, which they make by means of the ferryboat at the dock, which transfers the trains from shore to shore.

#### THE GULF STREAM.

ON its emergence from the Gulf of Mexico, the Gulf Stream has a breadth of fourteen leagues; its depth is one thousand feet; and the rapidity of its motion, which, at the outset, is nearly four and a half miles per hour, gradually diminishes, though it preserves, nevertheless, a comparatively considerable degree of speed throughout its extended course.

Its temperature, much higher than that of the seas it traverses, does not vary more than half a degree in every hundred leagues. Thus it arrives even in Winter at a point beyond Newfoundland, with the abundant reserves of heat absorbed by its waters under the sun of the tropics. Plunged alternately in the bed of the current, and without its boundaries, the thermometer indicates a difference of twelve, and even sometimes of seventeen degrees.

If we compare this temperature with that of the surrounding air, the contrast is still more striking. Beyond the fortieth parallel, where the atmosphere is colder than the standard of melting ice, the Gulf Stream maintains an equable temperature at more than twenty-five degrees above this point. Its waters, like those of all seas very rich in saline matters, are distinguished by their depth of hue, and by their gleaming azure reflections, defining themselves by clear and precise lines on the green "ground-color" of the ordinary ocean-waters. Up to the fortieth parallel the blue and emerald waves never mingle; it is only on quitting this latitude that the former overleap their boundaries, quit their channel and spread afar over the cold strata of the sea. Their march at the same time slackens, and the radiating action of their caloric on the atmosphere becomes more sensible. It notably mitigates the severe climates of Northern Europe; without it England and a part of France would be doomed to Winters as rigorous as those of Labrador. It is owing to the Gulf Stream that, in the north of Spitzbergen, the limit of eternal ice and snow, instead of sinking to the very level of the sea, maintains itself at a point fully 550 feet above.

Another very extraordinary characteristic of the great American current is the projection which it forms above the waters that inclose and compass it both on the right and left without being able to penetrate it. This projection is estimated at more than sixty-five centimetres (about two feet.) The surface of the current affects a concave curvature, and presents on its medial line a sort of ridge or crest, on each side of which extend two inclined planes; in such wise that every object floating on its surface glides to right or left. This fact has been established by several vessels, whose keel, deeply immersed, wholly obeyed the action of the principal current; while at their side light canoes drifted *en travers*, carried towards the borders in a direction perpendicular to that of the ship.

The Gulf Stream is balanced, or compensated, by the counter-current of cold and slightly salt water, which, through Davis' Strait, descends from the Arctic Frozen Ocean in a precisely opposite direction. It is to the north of Newfoundland that this liquid avalanche of the pole encounters the genial river of the South. The collision produces the first deviation of the latter, while, at the same time, compelling the former to split into two branches; one of which plunges under the deep blue waters and continues its southward route, while the other bends to the west, skirting the entire extent of the American coast, and penetrating into every bay, creek and inlet. This region owes to it the severity of its climate, which is much colder than that of the European and Asiatic countries situated under the same parallels of latitude.

#### THE GLOWWORM.

FEW who have rambled through green lanes in the evening can have failed to notice this little light-giver, and wondered at the cause of the flood of radiance emitted by so small an insect; for though the light-producing *Lampyris* and the luminous insects of other orders have attracted the attention of many celebrated naturalists, a perfectly satisfactory theory has not, so far as I am aware, been offered to account for this curious phenomenon, which, though termed phosphorescence, seems, from its steady continuance and the control the

animal has over it, to differ from the evanescent shining exhibited by some of the *Acadephææ* (Sea-nettles,) and by decomposing animal and vegetable matter. Be the cause of the light what it may, there can be little doubt respecting its object, which is evidently to attract the males—an idea prettily expressed in the following lines by Moore:

"Beautiful as is the light  
The Glowworm hangs out to allure  
Her mate to her green bower at night."

Some naturalists have disputed this opinion on the ground that the males themselves are slightly luminous, and they therefore think it has probably some use disconnected with the union of the sexes. But this may be only an illustration of a principle very commonly observed in Nature—that of one sex having rudiments of organs which only reach their full development in the opposite one; for example, the female of the pretty gold-tailed moth (*Liparis auriflua*) has a thick mass of hair at the extremity of the abdomen, which is plucked off by the moth, and used to cover her eggs, and so secure them from rain or excessive heat. This is represented in the male by the elegant fringe of golden hairs which gives the trivial name to the species. It may be worthy of remark that in those species of moths the males are generally provided with large plumose antennæ, which are evidently delicate organs of sensation, and enable them to discover the females even when separated by long distances. The glowworm, on the contrary, has very simple antennæ, and may require some other aid to guide it in its amorous expeditions. I have had abundant evidence of their light-seeking propensities when insect-hunting with a lantern in some of the Kentish woods, and have frequently seen dozens settle on my clothes, or dash against the glass, in the course of a single evening.

The larvæ have a general resemblance to the perfect female; they are of a dusky black color, and composed of twelve segments, to each of the three first of which are attached a pair of short strong legs. They have the power of withdrawing their heads beneath the first thoracic segments, as a tortoise would do—a peculiarity also possessed by the perfect beetles. They are quite carnivorous in their habits, feeding on snails—their stout, sharp mandibles enabling them to make short work of their victims, the shelly houses being no protection against the savage little assailants, who thrust themselves into the soft bodies of the snails, and luxuriate during the Autumn and Winter on the gelatinous banquet so provided, and are said to be epicures enough not to refuse the feast even when in a very "high" state. They form, however, no exception to the general cleanliness of insects, but are provided with a "peculiar apparatus, composed of seven or eight white radii, capable of being protruded from the anal aperture, beneath the last abdominal segment, and which is employed not only as a point of support, assisting in locomotion, but also as an instrument to cleanse the head and fore-parts of the body from the slime left upon them by the snails while engaged in their repast." Thus the recluses pass the Winter; and late in the Spring they are transformed into active pupæ, in which condition they remain about a fortnight, and then assume the perfect state, generally appearing about the end of June. The imago does not despise the food of their infancy, but still persecute the poor mollusks, as does the *Drilus flavescens*, a beetle belonging to the same family as the glowworm, but which is not luminous, though the large fleshy females (nearly an inch long) are equally destitute of wings or elytra. The hiliputian males, however, have antennæ with deep pectinations, the sensitiveness of which may render them independent of light to guide them to their giant consort.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### EVENTS IN SPAIN—SIEGE OF VALENCIA.

Valencia, a Spanish city of 48,000 population, has had a stormy time of it during these troublous days of civil war. After two days' bombardment, the regular troops shelled out the Intransigentes, and entered the town. It became necessary for those turbulent spirits to seek safety in flight. There was riding at anchor in the harbor at the time the ship *Mahide*. The Intransigentes seized the captain upon the quay, and menaced his life, while others possessed themselves of the ship, in which they sailed away. The cargo was a heavy, but not a rich one. In another moment free Valencia became populous, as if by magic, with the citizens who had fled at the approach of danger.

##### JAPAN—BURNING OF THE PALACE OF THE MIKADO AT YOKOHAMA.

On the 5th of May, towards three o'clock in the morning, the population of Yeddo were awakened by the noise of the fire-bells, and three reports of a cannon, which were recognized as an alarm from the imperial palace. The height on which the palace stood made it easy to see that it was the centre of an immense fire. Notwithstanding all efforts, the fire, animated by a fresh breeze, could not be overcome until the palace was completely destroyed. The picture represents the moment when the second gate of the principal entrance is on fire.

##### THE HOLYHEAD BREAKWATER.

This stupendous breakwater, the result of twenty-five years of incessant labor, has just been inaugurated by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The town and breakwater were gayly decorated with Venetian masts, evergreens and hunting. The inauguration took place amid great enthusiasm, and the firing of cannon. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and the lighthouse was illuminated. The breakwater was begun a quarter of a century ago, by Mr. Rendel. At his death, Mr. J. Hawkshaw succeeded him. It is a mile and a half in length, and is built upon a mound of enormous size, containing about 7,000,000 tons of stone. The cost is about £1,500,000, and shelter is afforded to 3,500 vessels in the course of a war.

##### AUSTRIA—ENCAMPMENT OF HUNGARIAN GYPSIES IN THE SUBURBS OF VIENNA.

A gypsy encampment is always a pretty scene, whether it be in a shady lane of rural England or on the outskirts of any of the great Continental cities. The Hungarian "Zingari" have been much given to Austria this Summer, probably attracted Vienna-ward by the spectacle of the Exposition, and the chances of money to be made from the immense throng of visitors. A sketch has been made of one of their encampments just outside the limits of Vienna. The tents are pitched, the horses turned loose, and every one seems to be taking his or her ease. The group is very picturesque, and presents a striking portrayal of these careless, wandering people.

##### ATTACK AT SEVILLE ON THE INSURGENTS BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS.

The cause of Don Carlos has received a severe blow in the defeat of the insurgents at Seville by the Government troops. Although the city had been literally covered with barricades, manned most effectively, and

surmounted with cannon of the largest calibre, seized from the arsenals by the citizens, after two hours' hard fighting, it fell into the hands of the besieging party, although the latter suffered dreadfully from a constant and deadly fire poured upon them from a tobacco manufactory that had been fortified and manned in an especial manner. The fall of this ancient city is supposed to sound the keynote of other successes to follow immediately on the part of the Republic. It has produced a great panic among the insurgents, who have fled with their government across the Guadalequiv, and who, it would appear, are beginning to lose all faith in their prospects of success. We all know how revolutions that have no grand and fixed idea to rest upon go down hill when the tide has once turned; and now that the latter seems to be the case, we may soon begin to look for peace for distracted and unhappy Spain.

##### ENTRY OF THE FRENCH TROOPS INTO NANCY.

The 1st and 5th of August will be memorable days in the history of Nancy. On the former date the Germans evacuated the city, and on the latter the French entered it amid great rejoicings, as may be gathered from our illustration. The Mayor, who is much praised for his patriotism, did all in his power to make the day glorious in the annals of his country. A proclamation was issued which so fired the hearts of the people, that every house and public building was draped with the national colors, while the people of the neighboring towns and villages rushed in multitudes to swell the mighty throng, and to do honor to the occasion. Never before was there such a gala-day in the fine old town. Music and the voice of triumph were everywhere, while in the evening the appearance of the Mayor and his colleagues on the balcony of the City Hotel was the signal for such increased enthusiasm and rejoicing, that language fails to depict either.

##### FESTIVAL OF ARTISTS OF DUSSELDORF AT JACOBI GARDENS.

When artists start to enjoy themselves there is no class of men who can do it better. The German men of the pencil are particularly fond of sport, and lose no opportunity to embrace pleasure. In the Jacobi Gardens the artists of Dusseldorf lately assembled for the holding of their midsummer jubilee. All sorts of games and grotesque exploits were indulged in. A tilt in a boat upon the lake was one of the most noticeable. Excessive merriment prevailed, the artists' wives and sweethearts were on hand, and nothing happened to mar the success of the fete.

##### THE FETE NAPOLEON AT CHISELHURST

As times were before the political scenes were shifted so suddenly in France, and what was the Tuilleries merged into the Theatre at Versailles, the 15th of August used to be a great day in that "pleasant land." All classes joined in its celebration; many for the reason that it was the fete day of the Emperor, and others because it commemorated the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. But this year there has been little or no celebration in France of the 15th of August. But still the Emperor was not forgotten; and so, on the 15th of August last, there gathered at Chiselhurst those men and women who still adhere to the memory of the Emperor and the Empire. There were more than eight hundred who came to pay their respects to the Empress and the Prince Imperial. There was Mass celebrated in the little church where Napoleon sleeps, his tomb being concealed by the flowers thrown upon it. Then the Empress and Prince appeared in the garden of Camden Place, and formally received the visitors. They were both cordially cheered. The Prince made a speech, in which he pledged himself to the upholding of the Imperial principles; after which the assemblage broke up, with cheers for Napoleon IV., the Empress and M. Rouher.

#### PERSONAL.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine will be begun in Trianon, on the 6th of October.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON has left Martha's Vineyard much improved in health.

WALT WHITMAN is recovering from his paralytic stroke, and expects soon to be entirely well again.

TROY, N. Y., proposes to give a reception to Mr. Francis, Minister to Greece, on his return next month.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has granted a subsidy of 25,000 thalers to the German Society for the Exploration of Africa.

HERR VON KENDELL, North German Ambassador at the Italian Court, has been compelled to leave Rome on account of ill-health.

EDWARD S. DANA, son of Professor Dana, of Yale, and a graduate of the class of '70, has been appointed a tutor in the same institution.

SEVERAL MSS. of the late Edward A. Pollard, setting forth the condition of the South before and during the War, are about to be published.

It is reported that the President of the Prussian Ministry, Count von Roon, has serious intention of withdrawing from the Government service.

M. THIERS has declared his resolution to devote the remainder of his life to furthering the permanent establishment of a republican form of government in France.

BISHOP KOELB says he will be avenged on the Germans for closing the Fulda Seminary. He will henceforth refuse to ordain a State University student for a priestly office.

JACOB N. CARDAZER, who had been connected with newspapers in Savannah and Charleston from the beginning of the century, died recently at the former city.

THE Hon. John Bright, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, will have the patronage of forty-one livings in various parts of England, varying in value from \$580 to \$7,350 each.

THE remains of the late Beau Hickman, a character well known to Washington society, were buried in the Potter's Field, and subsequently exhumed by unknown parties, and terribly mutilated.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL contemplates establishing an Industrial Bureau in London, to provide employment for women, in connection with institutions of a similar character in New York and Chicago.

THE name of Daniel Drew, the railway millionaire, has been added to the roll of pensioners of the war of 1812. Mr. Drew served as a private soldier under Winfield Scott, and a short time ago he made application to be put on the list. He will receive \$8 per month.

ALECK DAVIS, the colored candidate for Governor of Mississippi, was a barber at Memphis a few years since. During the existence of the metropolitan police, he was appointed turnkey at the Second Police Station, which position he held to the time of his leaving, and during the War was cook of the Fifteenth Tennessee Confederate Regiment.

CAPTAIN-GENERAL PIETLAIN has published in the official gazette of Havana a decree ordering the immediate institution of proceedings for the public sale of all estates, properties and effects taken possession of by the Administration, and being the property of the State, in consequence of the former owners' participation in the insurrection.





SEEKING INFORMATION.

## MAKING CHARCOAL.

## A NIGHT IN THE JERSEY HIGHLANDS.

THIRTY-FIVE miles northwest of New York City, among the mountains of New Jersey, are the "charcoal regions," and there thin columns of dark-blue smoke rising from forest-peaks against the light-blue sky indicated to our artist and correspondent, one day last week, that the "burning" had begun. It was no easy matter, though, to find the places whence the smoke rose, for a wilder country than the charcoal regions of New Jersey it would be impossible to find. And it requires a weary journey to reach them.

It was at a little station on the Midland Railway that our luckless wights stopped to inquire their way.

"Mr. Brown," said one of them to the hotel-keeper, "can you tell us how to get to a charcoal-burning?"

"I don't know," growled Brown.

At this moment a driver tapped our inquirer on the shoulder, and whispered, "Don't mind him; it's only a way he has."

"Well, Mr. Brown," persisted our correspondent, "how shall we go to work to get any knowledge about a charcoal-burning?"

"I don't know," growled Brown.

Then a bystander tapped our correspondent on the shoulder, and whispered, "Don't mind him; it's only a way he has."

"Well," said the correspondent, "are there any charcoal regions about here at all?"

"I don't know," growled the landlord.

Then a bystander tapped our artist on the shoulder, and said, "He means well enough; don't mind him; it's only a way he has."

## OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

After much searching, a team was found to convey the searchers over the mountain. Towards nightfall, when the westering sun was casting long, gaunt shadows of pine trees athwart the valley, smoke was discovered near the top of one of the rugged peaks. Fortunately, a small farmhouse was also seen in a little clearing. Here our representatives and driver found a small boy, whose father, he said, owned the pits about a mile thence; and, after much discussion, it was bargained that he should furnish a guide. Presently, on the knoll before them, rose the figure of the guide, not very stalwart, to be sure, for it was only a girl of eight summers, with a lip on her tongue and a rag on her biggest toe. She tripped on ahead of them, over moss-grown rocks, past tangled and perplexing brushwood, and into obscure corners, so that at times she had all the appearance of a girl specimen of the proverbial little fellow who bore, "mid snow and ice, a banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior!'" The pathway was sometimes over abandoned pits, still warm with former fires. After an hour's labor, just as the night closed over the wild, mountain-forest scene, the weary wanderers came upon the spot where weird, blackened men were

## MAKING THE COAL.

Wood charcoal, which is the ashes and fixed incombustible portions of the wood from which it is prepared, finds its principal value in the greater heating power it gives than the same weight of

wood. Hence its value as a fuel, especially in the smelting of ores, etc. It is also an important element in the clarifying of liquors, for the reason that it absorbs colors and takes away the smells and tastes which come from the various ingredients used in making liquors. It is an essential ingredient in the composition of gunpowder, and is also used in polishing hard substances, lining crucibles, making crayons, and as an

or pits dug in the ground, and partially covered by earth while burning. In the ordinary method the wood is arranged in stacks, sometimes in horizon-

tal layers, but more frequently in ranges of logs and sticks placed on end, and in tiers, one above the other, around a central aperture which is extended to the top of the heap. This aperture is for a temporary chimney, and also for igniting the wood. The piles of wood are built up in a conical shape, and closely packed with small wood to fill the apertures. The size is generally about 30 feet in diameter, and in height the length of three sticks, about 12 feet. The outer service is well sodded. Around the bottom of the heap apertures are left open for the admission of air and the escape of the volatile products. As the process goes on these are closed and new ones opened near the top. The fire is started at the centre in the bottom of the heap, and gradually spreads in all directions.

The carbonization is first completed at the centre and top of the heap, and gradually extends down its sides. The completion of each stage of the process is indicated by the color of the vapors, which is first yellowish, then black and dense, and finally a transparent light-bluish color.

When the process is completed the apertures are closed and left so for about five days, when the work of uncovering and taking out the charcoal is begun. Night-time is generally selected for this performance, for the reason that if any fire exists it can be easily extinguished in the darkness and quenched. Great care has to be taken to prevent unequal falling in any one place by too much fire, explosions caused by improper ventilation, and to shield the heaps from wind and rain. The smallest heaps are charred in a week, the largest in three weeks. A common yield is one hundred bushels of charcoal to three cords of wood.

It fortunately happened that the "burning" was at its height when our representatives arrived. Great piles of wood stood ready for covering, and on others men were already engaged in building up the sod over the cones. A far, the ringing of axes could be heard, and they knew that trees were falling for the fires. When the "boss" was asked what kinds of wood were best for charcoal, he replied:

"Oh, any kind, if it is only hard;" a fair explanation of the scientific reason that if the wood is dense of texture, more heat is driven out, and less refuse is left.

The Jerseyman "char" in mounds, though they call the mounds "pits." In this they follow the old Roman way. Both large and small woods are used, the small being packed in to make the mound or cone solid.

## THE FLOATING

is a process requiring great care, so that none of the sods have crevices. If any appear, they are filled in with moist earth. Sometimes the dust of charcoal is wet and "pasted" in. As one of the burners said to our representatives, "It is necessary to have a good deal of fire, and lose very little wood;" and in the specimen "diamond" (for charcoal and the diamond are chemically the same substance, pure carbon,) presented to our artist, every seam of the original wood was displayed as faithfully in coal as if a pen-and-ink artist had drawn it.

It was midnight when the last "pit" was lighted, and the representatives of FRANK LESLIE'S, reclining on hemlock boughs, watched the vapors crawling into the air. The one man left in charge of the



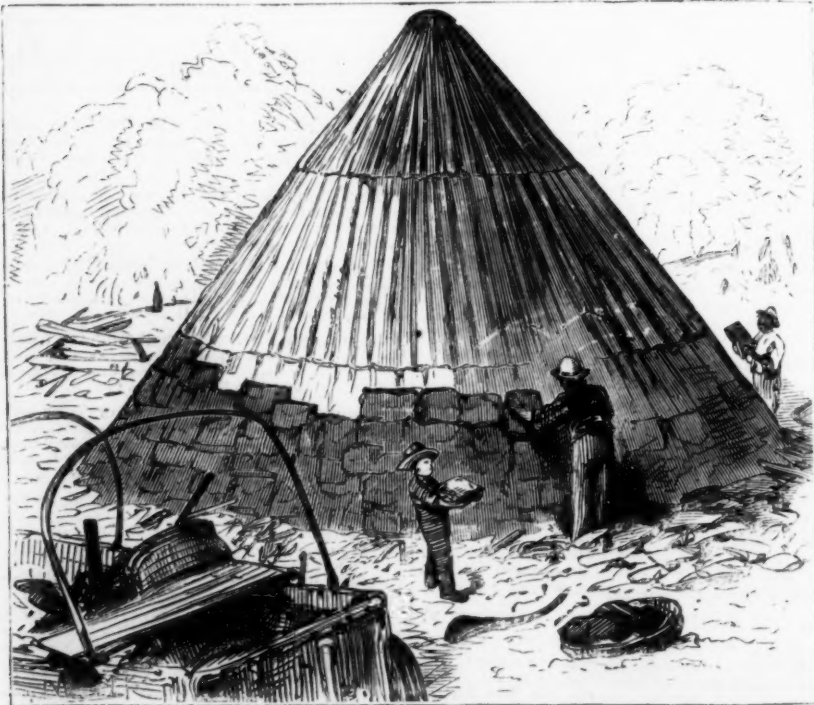
THE GUIDE.



THE CHARCOAL PRESENT.



BUILDING THE PIT.



"FLOATING" OR SODDING THE PIT.



"THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE."



BURNING CHARCOAL.—REPAIRING A BREAK IN A PIT—A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN THE NEW JERSEY HIGHLANDS.—SKETCHED BY J. DOWDA.





piles that were burning like so many pent-up fires, crept into a sort of kennel, lined with straw, that commanded a view not only of every pit, but of the country for thirty miles round.

Occasionally a sod would fall in, and he would jump out of his kennel, which our correspondent named

#### THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

and make the damage good. This he would do by putting on a fresh sod, or pasting in with wet earth.

When our representatives expressed any alarm lest he should lose his pile, he would say, "Oh, it will take a week to burn this pit!" and, crawling into "the Mountain House," would

"wrap the drapery of his couch about him, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

It happened for a good picture, though not for a good yield of chaff, that during the height of our visit, the man left in charge was compelled to waken his companions for

#### REPAIRING A BREAK.

The flames, excited by a strong east wind, broke out of the sides, and they lighted up the forest all round. An hour was required for repairing, and the scene was at once frightful and grand. The hemlocks and oaks standing round seemed like trees of fire. The smoke became so dense that the little patch of sky overhead was obscured. Gaunt figures of men climbing the smoldering piles were seen like so many weird phantoms against the yellow blaze. But little damage was done. Morning brought gray into the east, and the weary men from LESLIE'S started on their journey home. As they passed the hotel at the base of the mountains, the landlord stood moodily in the door, but the compassionate driver remarked that, "It is only a way he has."

## TRUST HER NOT.

BY  
JUAN LEWIS,

Author of "The Sovereign's Victim," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE HOME OF CARRIE—MISS FITT—THE UNKNOWN.

IN one of the lower wards of the city a man of middle age was seated on a worn and faded lounge in a small apartment. He had just arisen to a sitting posture, and was glancing about him with dull eyes, from which his recent sleep had scarce departed, as if in expectation of finding some person present in the room.

But there was no one.

"At the shop, of course, after more work," he muttered, wrathfully; but whether his ire was excited by thoughts of the place he mentioned, the absence of the person, or the cause of the absence, did not appear.

Perhaps it was a combination of all three.

"Curse them!" he continued, after a moment's silence. "They think they do me a favor by giving Carrie work, a girl who ought to be—and, if I had my rights, should be—at the top of society. But it's always the way in this infernal country. Those who make a fortune, when they are not born to it, as I was, immediately kick away the ladder whereby they climb, and never recognize it afterwards. Curse them all! If I only had a few hundred dollars I'd make a start again, if only for the sake of the gal. She ought to be a lady, as she was born to be. But what can I do? Every time I mention the matter she passes it over airily, and wishes me to be contented, and not to worry. Not worry! As if a man whose check had once been good for tens of thousands in Wall Street could sit down, day after day, eating his own heart out, and not worry over his ability rusting away, and the coldness and neglect of pretended friends! But I'll be even with the world yet—I will!"

Exactly how he proposed to accomplish this result did not clearly appear at the moment, for he said no more, but, hastily rising, put on a slouched hat, tucked something under his arm, which he hurriedly took from the mantel, and went out, leaving an odor of stale liquor and tobacco behind him.

This man was Andrew Ashton, once a merchant of wealth and standing, whose evil associations and slavish habits (he called them by another name) had eventuated in the loss of all business and property. Broken in health, and deserted by all who had been his friends in the days of his prosperity, his gentle and long-suffering wife had died, and he was now mostly supported by his daughter and only child, Carrie.

Could she have banished the evil habits that, by leading to unwise speculations in business, had brought ruin upon him, she at least would have been contented; but the frequent importuning for small sums—the certain destination of which was the gin-palace or the gaming-house—caused the young girl to sometimes weary of well-doing.

For the past two years matters had been getting worse instead of improving, for some of the minor articles pertaining to housekeeping, and little relics saved from the wreck of better days, had mysteriously disappeared; and as on such occasions the father invariably staid away longer, and came home, when he did come, with evidence of dissipation strong upon him, the young girl dared not make inquiries as to the loss, when the answer, if given at all, would only confirm her worst fears—that he, her father, had taken them to the pawnbroker's.

Added to this trial was another she had endured during this period. She had parted from her affianced lover, a young man she had known at school, who, since the great change in her father's circumstances, had asked her to become his wife.

His name was Frank Folkstone, an orphan, who had, by his own unaided exertions, graduated at an engineering and military school, with high honors, and had gone abroad shortly after in connection with a railway enterprise in Russia, with the language of which country he had made himself familiar.

Carrie's father, in his best hours, had sincerely liked the young man, and approved his daughter's choice; but having on an evil occasion borrowed money of him, the amount of which Frank had subsequently declined to increase—knowing the uses to which it would be put—the father immediately declared an enmity, and forbid the young man the house.

As this occurred when Frank was making arrangements for his departure on his enterprise of usefulness and possible distinction, the young man was not particularly disturbed thereby.

He had now been gone nearly two years, during which time a somewhat irregular correspondence had been kept up—owing, in part, to Frank's duties taking him into the interior of the Czar's dominions, where mail facilities were far from perfect, and his constant attention to business left no time unemployed save the hours snatched from sleep.

Quite recently, too, his responsibilities had been largely increased by his promotion to the position

of chief engineer of the works in progress, so that all his hours were still further engrossed.

Yet, who can doubt that his hopeful, glowing accounts—irregular as they were—from that distant land, freighted with the outpourings of a warm heart to her he loved with all the strength of a first affection, were priceless beyond words, enabling the young girl to bear the ills of the present with the calm fortitude that an assured future always brings?

But for this hope—the hope born of an immortal love—Carrie Ashton's cheerful spirits must have sunk beneath the cares and labor she was compelled to accept as a part of her present existence. With this to cheer, her brave heart never faltered.

Such, in brief, was the position of affairs in the household to which she was bringing the child.

When the carriage had arrived in the vicinity of the place where the accident had occurred, the young girl remembered that the purpose for which she had come out remained unaccomplished.

Requesting Hulask to draw up at the curb and wait for her, she alighted, and disappeared round the corner, in furtherance of that purpose. She was absent but a few minutes, and returned, bringing small parcels, which she placed in the carriage, and, giving Hulask an address in a quiet down-town street, only two or three blocks from that wherein her house was situated, the spirited horses were soon hurrying them in that direction.

The place indicated was easily found, and proved to be one of those numerous little shops combining toys and fancy goods with millinery and dressmaking—differing from other similar establishments, perhaps, in the particular that the shop itself and everything in it appeared smaller, snuggler, cozier and brighter.

This effect may have resulted, in part, from the bright face and snug little body generally seen behind the counter—which, without being either young or old, was so cheerful in its bright expression, so lithe and active of limb and feature, that a sort of magnetic attractiveness which everybody felt, but which nobody could explain, had come to be regarded as a part of the place.

A small swinging sign over the entrance, noticeable for never creaking, even in the highest wind, bore in suitable lettering the name, "Miss Fitt, Milliner;" which name had been declared by old Mr. Scrapps, the dealer in second-hand books in the alley over the way, to be a misnomer, inasmuch as the little milliner was famous for good fits; and Scrapps's reputation as a literary person gave this scintillation a weight and authority to an extent that doubt existed in some minds—too dense, of course, to comprehend the shadowy subtleties of the literary person's joke—whether she should thenceforth be known as Miss Fitt or Miss Nomer, not a few being in favor of the latter.

Dismissing Hulask with the carriage, and leading Noddy by the hand, Carrie Ashton entered Miss Fitt's little snuggery, passed along the front of the counter with the step of one familiar, and rapped at a half-glass door, through which the little milliner was visible trying some wonderful article of dress on to a lay-figure of wire, whalebone and papier-mâché, which, like some unhappy ghost, only frowned gloomily at her best endeavors.

To spring up from her kneeling position and send the lay-ghost spinning into a corner, gloom and all, where it was caught and placed decorously by her chief assistant, a red-headed girl of twelve, was Miss Fitt's demonstrative response to Carrie Ashton's rap, and question of, "May I come in?"

And as the young girl pushed open the door, she was received with an exclamation of delight and a rapturous embrace, the little milliner standing on tip-toe, that would have made poor Frank Folkstone, in far-away Russia, think less lightly of the hardships of his brief but self-enforced residence there.

This demonstration was followed by a prolonged "O!"—large and round—as the bright eyes of the waif came into view from behind the folds of Carrie's dress; and the additional exclamation and question, "Where in the world?" and, "Who is he?" were telegraphed in eye and gesture; and "Waif," and "Don't know," as speedily answered by the same agency.

Kate, which proved to be the name of the red-haired assistant, was instantly instructed to mind the shop, and after Noddy had been shaken hands with very cordially and pronounced promising, he was taken in to be shown the Golden Elephant in the window, and the other remnants of what was no doubt once a famous stock of toys, under the supervision of Kate; while his condition and prospects underwent an interested and careful discussion in the back room.

The immediate result of this conference was that Master Noddy was dispatched to a convenient but diminutive bath-room, which formed one of the adjuncts of Miss Fitt's second floor; while the florid Kate was sent in all haste to a neighboring clothier's with a slip of paper containing an order and proper measurement for the waif's outfit; and when, half an hour thereafter, the boy found himself clean of skin and smooth of hair, in new clothes, such a change was produced that it was little wonder that he hardly knew himself, or that his reflection, in his improved condition, in Miss Fitt's one long mirror should be to him an unfailing source of infantile delight.

But the last lingering ray of the Summer sun streaming into the bay window of Miss Fitt's work-room (and a pleasant window it was, indeed) warned Carrie Ashton not to tarry.

Hat and shawl and gloves were hastily put on; promises for the future given; adieus and kisses exchanged; the heart of Master Noddy warmed by a present of a shilling kite, winged like a bird, from the window; and in a moment more they were out from under the little swinging sign, and hurrying homeward.

In the streets the shadows lengthened every moment; but the distance was not far, and if it had been, Carrie was too brave and self-reliant to have seen therein a cause of hesitation or fear.

They had already left Miss Fitt's a block behind, had turned down a by-street, and were passing the entrance to a narrow court, down which fluttered among ropes and pulleys the ragged insignia of the laboring poor, when a tall, gaunt, haggard-looking man came hurriedly out. Neither garb nor feature, nor yet his restless step, were prepossessing in any degree; but there was a something in the man's aspect—an expression, it might be, of something at some time lost or suffered, that seemed to claim unasked sympathetic justice; less, perhaps, for himself than for those with whom he was or had been allied.

With her hold tightening on the child's hand, Carrie Ashton shrunk aside to give this hurried person room on the sidewalk, and as she did so the man looked up and flashed one swift glance from her to the boy.

The glance downwards is one in which neither pain nor pleasure have part; but his rising glance conveys to her a keen sense of both.

"Noddy!" he gasps, hardly louder than a whisper, with an eager start and an outstretched hand towards the child.

But Miss Ashton waves him off with a dignified gesture, her color rising; a thought of the respon-

sibility she has assumed to General Inkerman coming to her with the unspoken question—Who is this man?

And with that question rising to her lips, she sees a change sweep over him.

He hesitates, and falls back, trembling and unsteady, soon as the child has hesitated and wavered for a moment betwixt recognition of the name pronounced and recognition of the man, and who now turns from the no longer eager face in alarm, for it has suddenly changed to one of ashen despair. Miss Ashton sees this, and in the whirl of emotion engendered thereby, the words she is about to utter find no voice. She sees the man reel against the adjacent wall, clutch his throat, and appear to struggle with himself as if for utterance.

A mystery here, or a madman, Carrie thinks, sympathetically; and then, with some hesitation, says, kindly:

"You seem to know the child, sir?"

"I—no—yes—there are many I have known—not one like him—not one! Whose is he?"

Carrie again hesitates a little, remembering her responsibility; but while she hesitates that singular expression of something at some time lost, it may be, she had noticed on the man's face, becomes painfully apparent.

It is an appeal to her stronger than words. She recognizes it as such.

"Noddy, or Noddy, as you call him," she replies, gently, "is now the ward of General Inkerman."

"General Inkerman!"

The man repeats the name with a violent start—flushes redly—pales; thanks God fervently, as he pulls off his hat, and rushes, bareheaded, away.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE GENERAL DECLARES A PURPOSE.

IF Doctor Braine's purpose in challenging the general to the quietude of a game of chess at such a time was merely to obtain an opportunity for broaching, without apparent design to do so, the subject mentioned in Mrs. Inkerman Bristowe's gilded note, that purpose was thwarted.

For, no sooner had silence succeeded the first movements in the game than it was abruptly broken by the general in a question which showed his interest wholly centred elsewhere, and caused the little doctor to change the questioning current of his thoughts, and, in a sea-going phrase, to about ship and run out on another tack.

"Did she leave her address, doctor?" was the general's question.

"Did she leave her address?" was the response, carelessly given, after taking a very long time to study his antagonist's last move.

"Miss Ashton."

"Miss—oh, the young girl!" said the doctor, intent on the game, and recalling the name with an apparent effort. "No, she did not."

The countenance of the general showed annoyance, despite an assumption of easy indifference, which last did not deceive the doctor, familiar as he was with his friend's earnestness.

"The address is easily obtained, general, of course," he said, as he made a feint of moving, paused, and suddenly looked up.

"She will be sure to call here with your—perhaps, I should say our—ward. A freak of benevolence that enables persons in her circumstances to draw funds they do not fairly earn is not likely to be neglected, you may be sure!" he continued, with an assumed sneer, which seemed to mystify his hearer, whom he regarded keenly while speaking.

"Very good, then, so far as the prospect of obtaining her address is concerned," said the general, with grave earnestness; "but on my soul, doctor, you mistake the girl's character entirely. I am certain of it! No sordid motives ever entered her heart, I know. Look at her face! The index of everything lovable and good! Mercenary calculations probable there? Not a bit of it! Doctor Braine, you have surprised me greatly!"

The general took out a gold snuff-box, and took a pinch with great energy, as he pushed back his chair.

"And you have surprised me, General Inkerman, by your championship of a person of whom you know—"

"I know truth from error, and virtue from vice, whenever I see them, Doctor Braine," responded the general, tapping the lid of his snuff-box and taking a defiant pinch. "I know truth and virtue and poverty, sir, let me tell you; and if you, sir, had one-half the common sense that you have uncommon, you would see and recognize them, too!"

"General!" cried the doctor, rising, with all the gravity that five feet four can assume—"General—"

"Doctor!" sternly responded the other, towering down upon him with all the dignity of a retired major-general.

"Shake hands, my dear general."

"Never, sir! Ha! You are a—a—trump, my dear doctor! God bless you!"

"Both, general—both."

They shook hands, and sat down again.

"You yield the point?" said the general.

"I've none to yield, since I've ascertained your views. I admit the girl's beautiful, and as good as she is beautiful. I know her."

"Know her?"

"At least know who she is. Her mother was once my dearest friend. I recall her form and features in the girl."

The little doctor paused a moment over old memories, and something very like a sigh escaped him.

"Does she interest you, general?" he added.

"Interest is hardly the word. See here, doctor—we are alone—she interests me so much, that, if it was possible, I would marry her to-morrow!"

"Marry her!—you?"

The doctor fell back in his chair, and stared at the general through his eye-glass.

"Look you," he said, slowly, without taking his glance from the earnest face before him, "I have no strait-waistcoats around the office, but you can be provided for in that particular. As your friend of twenty years' standing I will charge myself with that duty."

Nonsense, Gordon! I was never more in earnest in my life. You know I never do anything under excitement; you know also I am not easily moved; but, as I am a living man, the moment my glance fell upon that girl's face to-day I felt that she was destined to become my wife! This, without knowing her name, station or condition! You laugh, doctor; but if the doctrine of foreordination be true—as thousands of clever men plead—why not believe it in this? I tell you it comes upon me with irresistible force—that girl, Carrie Ashton, is to be my wife! Can you comprehend that fact?"

"I can, when I know it as a fact," responded the doctor, coolly—"not till then. Upon my word, Inkerman, this is astonishing—astonishing!" he continued, remembering the gilded note he had received from the general's relative and house-keeper, Mrs. Bristowe; "I was about to add, preposterous! Still, you know your own business best; you haven't lived half a century for nothing; but I may as well tell you what little I know of her."

"Go on."

"The girl is the daughter of Ashton, Warner & Company—that is to say, of the head of that once famous house. A man of some capabilities was Ashton, but never held up his head after his failure—poor devil! Took to drink and gaming and miscellaneous vagabondism right away—or, rather, was confirmed in these disolute courses by his failure. If living still, the girl undoubtedly suffers him. She'd never let him beg, I'm sure, or go into any of our reformatory charitable institutions—with some few exceptions, the next thing to it. That's the father of this girl, General Inkerman. There's neither money, social position, nor any good influence in the connection—save and except always the girl herself. And yet you soberly tell me you would marry her—June and December! Why, I was with you, general, at Belack, when the mined and honeycombed outworks blew up, and stretched the ground with dead and dying, leaving only us two untouched; but that blow was a gentle zephyr compared to this surprise!"

The general smiled grimly; but his color brightened, as he brushed back his gray mustache.

"The memories evoked by that recollection, my dear doctor," he said, quietly, as he grasped his friend's hand, "are sacred to ourselves alone, and even with us are never to be lightly alluded to. But since you have referred to that stormy period in this connection, let me say that I was never more in earnest than I am now. I repeat, that girl is to be my wife!"

"Well—well! If it is to be," said the doctor, impressed by the general's earnestness, "I trust I shall yield my old-time friend gracefully to the inevitable. But what will our fair cousin, the fascinating Mrs. Bristowe, say to her decapitation as the head of our well-appointed household?"

The softened lines about the general's mouth grew instantly rigid. His brow slightly contracted.

"Her opinion would hardly be asked," he said, briefly; "at least, not at the outset."

"And yet, very likely the step proposed would be a disappointment," said the doctor, airily. "I think I have somewhere read—disclaiming all personal knowledge on the subject—that most fashionable women, as schemers; may not our fair relation entertain some designs upon us herself?"

The general looked grave for an instant, and dismissed the suggestion with an outward walture of the hand.

"The matrimonial experiences of Mrs. Bristowe, doctor," he said, cheerfully, "were not such as to tempt her on that sea again, rest assured. To explain," he continued, drawing his chair closer, as befits confidential relations: "You remember, of course, her coming to me two years ago from abroad, and introducing herself as the widowed daughter of a distant relative of mine residing in the North of England. I think I also told you at the time that this relation had died in unmerited obscurity, and I am afraid, in all but actual distress, leaving to his daughter, who had hastened from Italy too late to see him alive, a legacy of unpaid bills and grumbling creditors."

"But I omitted to say—the subject being sufficiently unattractive without—that prior to the last event she had married an Italian professor, and by so doing had not only incurred her father's anger, but turned a condition of simple unhappiness at home to one of wretchedness abroad, from which she was only released by the husband's death—a month before that of her parent."

"That this professor was as thorough a scoundrel as his abilities would permit," continued the general, reflectively, "I have no doubt; or that he led the poor woman a life of torture, from which his death afforded her a fortunate release. Even now an incidental reference before her to the worthless fellow, couched in choicest phraseology, never fails to bring to the surface an indication of suppressed passion, which, of course, shows the fevered existence she had with him. She marry again? Not a bit of it, doctor. Knowing her as well as I do, I am satisfied that those former experiences of hers would effectually prevent it."

He arose, buttoned his coat, and with one hand thrust in his breast Napoleonically, walked to and fro, while the doctor gravely watched him.

"Your being her cousin, I suppose, was what brought her?" with a scarce apparent inclination of the desire he felt to pursue the subject.

"Well, no; not entirely. For, in point of fact, her father could hardly call himself a cousin—though, as a matter of courtesy, I have introduced her as such. There was, or is, a relationship of some sort, I believe, but exactly what—how near or how remote—I have never felt the least interest in tracing. Between ourselves, it appears that for some time after her father's death she was compelled to exercise her educational accomplishments for a livelihood, which she did in the family of a Scottish nobleman as governess, until at last she thought herself of her father's ancient relative, and hastened to me."

"And made such an impression with her widow's weeds and details of bitter experiences," said the doctor, taking up the story as if in continuation, "that you, to make amends for your neglect to search out and improve your ancient relative's position in life—for which you causelessly blamed yourself—took the widowed daughter into your house and home, established her at the head of your table, and gave her a *carte blanche* to launch out into a course of fashionable folly not surpassed by any of our modern aristocrats on this side the water! And to do the lady justice, I must say she has made her influence felt. To preside over the social destinies of a circle of devout worshippers at the shrine of Fashion, to be looked up to as an authority in the realm of Dress, as a priestess in the temple of Propriety, are, I suppose, felicities for the lady able to attain such distinction! It is certainly a triumph for the sex. But a joy we miserable males can never know. Let us confess our lamentable inferiority, in this respect, at once. Stars and garters!" added the little man, abruptly, looking at his watch, and springing up briskly, while the general enjoyed a quiet laugh at what he deemed his friend's facetiousness. "I've a round of calls to make, general, and must go out! In regard to your startling proposition, my dear friend," he continued, impressively taking his hand, "I can only say, sleep on it, and if you find that you have not forgotten all about the matter by to-morrow night—as very likely you may, if you are wise—then drop in here on your way to the club, and I am at your service to discuss the matter at any length desired. Jake! Jake Beardsley!"

And as the grave countenance and irreproachable cravat of that devout-looking personage appeared from the inner office in answer to the doctor's summons, the general shook hands and hastened away, dimly wondering, in the whirl of new and strange emotion which had that day come to him, how his little medical friend dared to call such a massive, solemn assistant by so irreverent a designation—Jake!

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is said to contemplate a voyage round the world, either during the coming Autumn or next Spring.



NOTES ON AMERICAN PROGRESS.

**THE PORTAGE LAKE SHIP CANAL.**—Connecting Portage Lake with the waters of Lake Superior on the west, is near completion. By this canal will come to market the larger part of the copper produced on the southern side of Lake Superior. This trade is highly important, as last year more than 12,000 of the 15,000 tons of copper produced were shipped from Portage Lake.

**NEW FLOW OF OIL.**—The discovery of several large oil-wells in Butler County, Pa., promises to develop a new region, which was before regarded of little value, but which is now considered as perhaps the richest and most abundant oil-field yet found. Two new wells, lately discovered, are reported as yielding from 1,300 to 1,500 barrels daily, and several smaller wells from 600 to 700 barrels.

**THE FARMERS' TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.** of Tolono, recently organized under the general law, has already begun its work. A few days since they shipped from Tolono nineteen carloads of corn on their own account, on which they saved not less than \$500, and they are going to continue this game until all their corn is shipped. They are going to erect a warehouse and start a corn-sheller of their own.

**A MODEL FARM.**—A correspondent of the *Lafayette* (Tenn.) *Courier* sends that paper some account of what is probably the largest and best managed farm in the world. It is in Knox County, Ill., and is owned by Mr. Michael Sullivan, formerly of Ohio. The farm comprises 40,000 acres, and is thirty-two miles in circumference. Five hundred men and teams are kept constantly employed in working it.

**THE SCIENCE OF PISCICULTURE.**—Professor Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, has established a very important scientific centre at Peak's Island, off Portland. The most eminent professors of natural history in the country are assembling there, and the scientific observations are of the most elaborate character. A large house has been fitted up, with every convenience for preserving, assorting and describing the specimens collected. Photographs are taken and drawings made and colored from the living objects.

**A NEW ENTERPRISE IN INDIANAPOLIS.**—The completion of a mammoth elevator in Indianapolis, Ind., promises to make a revolution in the grain interests of that city. The total cost of the work, including the site and machinery, is \$120,000. The capacity of the elevator is equal to handling five hundred cars of grain a day with ease, provided that there is sufficient switch-room to allow the work to proceed without interruption. The elevator is enabled to place its rates for elevating and storing lower than is the case either at Chicago, Peoria, or any of the competing points West.

**IMMIGRATION PROSPECTS OF NEBRASKA.**—Nebraska must secure its share of the influx of human beings. It needs their labor, and in return will give such homes of comfort and competency as they never could have won by toil, or purchased for money. As a territory, it was first opened to settlement in 1854. It was admitted as a State in 1867. Until 1861 the population was small, but the end of the rebellion led to an immigration almost without a parallel, so that to-day Nebraska has within its borders a population of more than 300,000 souls, and wealth that is computed at \$70,000,000.

**THE STURGEON BAY CANAL.**—Work was commenced on the last of June last, and there are now 762 feet of the north pier, and 150 feet of the southern one, completed. The ultimate length of the two piers will be 1,200 feet, starting from the shore at a distance of 850 feet apart, and converging as they extend into the lake, so that the entrance will be 250 feet wide. The outer harbor will accommodate a large amount of shipping of itself; but if it should happen, in case of prolonged storms, that an unusual number of vessels seek its protection, they can be rapidly transferred through the canal into Sturgeon Bay, where there is room and security for all the vessels of the lakes at once.

**THE BIGGEST SMALL TOWN IN THE STATE.**—The *De Pere* (Wis.) *News*, in a recent issue, speaks glowingly of the manufacturing advantages of that town. *De Pere* has an active capital of only about \$2,000,000, and yet, so great is her natural advantages, of water-power, navigation, railroads, lumber, cheap fuel and cheap substances of all kinds, that the gross amount of her annual business more than doubles the bulk of her capital—a fact that speaks well for the right side of the ledger. No town in the whole West offers such glittering and fascinating inducements to capital as *De Pere* does at this moment. There is no class of manufactures that would not flourish and pay in this place, and most, if not all, in the line of wood and iron would excel in profits over any other place in the Northwest.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SUCCESS.**—At the fifth annual convention of the National Photographic Association, held at Buffalo, N. Y., in July, Mr. Frank E. Pearsall, of Brooklyn, delivered a lecture upon "A New Train of Thought," illustrated by a series of twenty-four photographs. The object was to encourage more study among photographic artists. The illustrations showed, with great clearness, the vast difference between a photograph taken either in a hasty manner or by an operator who had not given conscientious thought to the subjects of light, perspective, position, drapery, furniture and other harmonizing details, and one in which all these necessary components of an artistic result were fully exhibited. To illustrate several points, two photographs were exhibited of the same person, when the force of Mr. Pearsall's remarks were warmly appreciated. Progressive study and the personality of the photographer were vigorously urged as the requisites of true artistic excellence.

**FIRE AND POTTERY CLAY.**—The discovery has recently been made of an immense bank or stratum of very fine clay in a farm one mile north of Burlington, Kan. This clay crops out on Switzer Creek and dips rapidly to the northwest across the farm, of one hundred and sixty acres in extent, and crops out on the other side in the creek-bottom. The clay is overlaid by a stratum of ochre clay, which is superior to the Osage City ochre clay and makes a much finer and more durable brick; it is not affected by the atmospheric changes, will not crumble, and will last a century at least. They are now manufacturing a very fine quality of paving brick from a combination of the two upper strata of clay. These bricks are as free from flaws and ring as clear as a piece of crockery, and when laid in pavement or walk will not only be durable but beautiful. An experienced writer says: "After examining the clay I was fully satisfied that Burlington was a good point for the manufacture of a yellow, Rockingham and Ceylonite ware, as well as terra-cotta, fire-brick, etc.—that no manufactory would be so great a benefit as a pottery conducted with means and brains."

RAILROAD ENTERPRISE.

**CITIZENS of Western North Carolina** are agitating for a railroad from Augusta, Ga., to Knoxville.

The Chicago and Alton Railroad Company are now resolved to build a double track.

A shore line is proposed to run from New York to Savannah.

The leading lines between New York and the West have greatly reduced their freight tariffs.

The O. and M. R. R. will open a new route from Cincinnati to Chicago on the 1st of November.

Steel rails are to be laid on the Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf Road from Kansas City to Olathe.

Influential men of Shreveport, La., are anxious for a road to connect that city with the Sabine River, a distance of forty miles.

A railroad-track is to be carried into the St. Louis Post Office to facilitate the distribution of the immense amount of mail matter daily accumulating there.

General B. H. Bristow has resigned the Presidency of the California and Texas Railway Construction Company, and Mr. John McManus, of Reading, Pa., has been chosen to fill the position.

The new depot of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at Jersey City will be 600 feet long by 300 wide, accommodating twelve tracks. Extensive improvements are being made along the ferry slips.

The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Directors have made contracts for building an iron bridge across the Susquehanna to Havre de Grace, in place of the wooden one now used. The bridge is nearly a mile long.

The last spike was driven on the Cairo and Fulton Railroad at Fulton, Ark., on the 30th ult. The road is now completed from St. Louis to Fulton, a distance of 461 miles. This road connects the Northwestern States with Texas and the Gulf Coast.

A meeting of general passenger and ticket agents was held in Indianapolis, Ind., August 20th, to take action concerning the sale of tickets to excursionists and emigrants at figures far below the established rates. Over 3,000 miles of road were represented.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad has commenced the construction of the new tunnel through Bergen Hill. The length of the tunnel proper will be 4,250 feet, and the width 28 feet, leaving space for a double track. The work will cost \$560,000.

The tiresome St. Croix land grant business has been adjusted. The company is to build the road from St. Croix to Lake Superior for the land grant, and gives bonds in \$125,000 "liquidated damages" to build it whether the title of the State to the lands be or be not confirmed.

A new air-line railroad is in contemplation between Baltimore and Philadelphia. It is proposed that the road shall connect with neither of the existing lines of railway diverging from Philadelphia to New York, but that it shall be strictly an independent line between the two cities.

Iowa is going to solve the question of cheaper transportation for herself. She is going to construct and hold control of narrow-gauge railroads. They will start in Southern Iowa, and run north and west, to connect with such independent lines as will agree to a reasonable and honest tariff.

The proposed New York and New Orleans air-line will lead north of Philadelphia, through Central Virginia to Eastern Tennessee, near Cumberland Gap and west of the Tennessee River to Chattanooga, with a branch to Memphis to form the New York section of the three great railroads now building from Memphis to the Pacific and Mexico, and another branch from Chattanooga to West Florida.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Company's line are now divided for operating purposes into six divisions, as follows: The Missouri Division, from Hannibal, Mo., to Sedalia, 142 miles; the Sedalia Division, from Sedalia, Mo., to Parsons, Kan., 159 miles; the Cherokee Division, from Parsons, Kan., to Muskogee, Indian Territory, 117 miles; the Cherokee Division, from Muskogee to Denison, Texas, 156 miles; the Neosho Division, from Parsons, Kan., to Junction City, 156 miles; and the Osage Division, from Holden, Mo., to Paola, Kan., 54 miles.

GOSSIP OF THE GRANGES.

**THE Directory of the Kansas City (Mo.) Exposition Association** have made arrangements for the holding of a monster mass-meeting of the Grangers of Western Missouri and Kansas, and other agricultural and industrial associations, to be held upon the Exposition Grounds, on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 16th, the second day of the Exposition.

The farmers of Dodge County, Minn., had a mass-meeting at Mantorville on the 30th ult.

The 11th of September is the day fixed for the grand assembling of the Rock County (Wis.) Grangers in a mass picnic.

The Secretary of the Illinois State Farmers' Association says that seven-tenths of the farms of Illinois are mortgaged.

The Rockville G. range, of Kankakee County, Ill., held a picnic at Bloom's Grove, nine miles from Kankakee, on the 5th.

At a recent harvest feast of Grangers in Van Buren County, Ia., there were over sixteen hundred teams in procession.

Measures are being taken to organize granges among the gardeners and fruit-growers in and around New Orleans.

The farmers of Kane County, Ill., held a grand picnic at Pingree Grove, near Elgin, on the 29th ult. It was a monster affair.

A grange was organized at Rocky Point, N. C., on the 30th ult., with James B. McPherson, Master, and Dr. E. Porter, Secretary.

T. R. Allen, Master of the Missouri State Grange, calculates that in two years there will be 100,000 Patrons of the Order in that State.

West Point, Neb., is to have an elevator. The Cuming County Grangers have undertaken the work. It will have a capacity of 20,000 bushels, and cost about \$40,000.

General A. M. Coffey, Secretary of the Missouri State Grange, is editing the *Missouri Farmer*, a new paper started at Knob Noster, in the interest of the Grange movement.

The Grangers of Missouri had basket-picnics at Sweet Springs, Saline County, August 27th; Higginsville, Lafayette County, 28th; Woodland, Johnson County, 29th, and Monticello, 30th.

The Fort Scott (Kan.) *Monitor* has it from authority that cannot be questioned that the Patrons of Husbandry in Bourbon County will nominate a straight-out farmer's and mechanics' ticket. The convention will be held on the 13th of September.

The efforts being made by the managers of the Farmers' Union Warehouse, at Shedd, Oregon, to place the grain trade on an independent basis, so that parties wishing to purchase will have an inducement to bid on grain, are meeting with a fair degree of success, notwithstanding the opposition, open or covert, of a large portion of their competitors in the trade.

The Shreveport (La.) *Telegram* says: "The immigration movement goes hand-in-hand with the Patrons of Husbandry. Both are needed to regenerate Louisiana and the South. We look for a strong onward movement by the industrial army of this State in less than twelve months. And the landholders will wake up to their true interests and work with them. Let us be patient with the landholders. They are wheeling into line daily, and will do their duty better by far than it has been supposed they would do."

The following is the programme of the grand reunion of the granges of the counties of Winnebago, Dodge, and Fond du Lac, to be held at Fond du Lac, Wis., September 12th and 13th: Friday, September 12th 11 A. M., general rendezvous and address of welcome; 2:30 P. M., address by Colonel D. Wyatt Allen, of South Carolina. Evening—Reception of delegates arriving on late trains; mass-meeting in Public Hall; address by Colonel John Cochran, W. Master State Grange. Saturday, September 13th, 9 A. M., grand rendezvous at Court House square, and public parade through the city; 11 A. M., general address for the good of the Order. Afternoon—Music and voluntary speeches, adjournment.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW ENGLAND.

**MAINE.**—There will be nearly 200 free high schools in the State this fall.

The State Pomological Society will give an exhibition at the State fair in Bangor next month.

The Lighthouse Board, in session at Scarsport last week, propose placing a number of fog-bells along the coast.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Lancaster had a visitation of frost last week.

The portrait of General William Whipple, one of the revolutionary generals, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, from New Hampshire, will soon be added to the collection now in the Hall of Representatives.

Dunstable celebrates its bi-centennial on September 17th.

The Manchester Art Association has taken charge of the collecting and arranging for an exhibition of pictorial and industrial art in connection with the New Hampshire State Agricultural Fair.

**VERMONT.**—Cambridge celebrates its centennial on the 29th ult.

The monument to be erected by the State at Westminster, in honor of William French and Daniel Houghton, who were killed by the British in the court-house, March 13th, 1775, will be of Blue-Mountain granite, 16½ feet high.

Pittsford, on the 30th ult., dedicated the monument erected on the site of Fort Vengeance, in memory of Caleb Houghton, who was killed by the Indians, and of those who occupied the fort under Major Ebenezer Allen. The Third Regiment will have a reunion at St. Johnsbury, September 23d.

Lead has been found in considerable quantities on Bird Mountain, in Castleton.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—The Barre centennial will be held June 17th, 1874.

Southbridge is contemplating an outlay of \$100,000 for water-works.

The French population of Fall River had a demonstration September 5th, the anniversary of the evacuation of the French territory by the Prussians.

The foundation for the soldiers' monument at Billerica is being laid, and it is expected the monument will be erected and dedicated with appropriate exercises in a few weeks.

Judge Gray has been advanced to the Chief-Justiceship of the State.

The great equatorial telescope now being constructed at Cambridge for the Naval Observatory at Washington, D. C., will be finished in the latter part of the present or early next month. The new building in which it is to be mounted is nearly completed, and the instrument will be ready for work about the middle of November.

The American Pomological Society, which meets once in four years, will hold its next session at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September.

The great storm of the 24th ultimo inflicted a serious blow upon the prosperity of Gloucester.

**CONNECTICUT.**—The Teachers' State Institute will have its annual meeting at Putnam, September 11th-13th.

The grave of Governor T. A. Seymour was decorated on the 3d, the anniversary of his death.

A set of solid silver plate has been offered by O. F. Winchester of New Haven as a prize for competition among the State militia at their annual rifle shoot at Meriden, September 17th and 18th.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

**NEW YORK.**—A temperance convention will be held in Syracuse, September 17th, to nominate a State ticket.

The peach crop of Western New York is reported a failure this year. Pears, however, in that section are abundant. The grape crop will not be large.

Fanny Hyde, the alleged murderess, has been released from the jail in Brooklyn on bail.

Painful revelations of official corruption in Brooklyn are being brought to notice.

A portion of a human body, said to be that of Charles Kelsey, who was tarred and feathered at Huntington, L. I., last year, has been found in Oyster Bay.

**NEW JERSEY.**—Salem County lost fully \$50,000 during the late storm, mainly from the destruction of milldams.

The Exhibition of Newark Industries, which will open about the 15th, promises to be a very imposing display. Extensive buildings have been erected, covering about two acres of space. It is the only local exhibition in the country.

A series of exciting boat-races took place on the Passaic, at Newark, on the 3d.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—The Bridge Committee of the Common Council of Pittsburgh have decided to recommend the construction of an iron bridge 900 feet long over the Allegheny River.

The National Board of Steam Navigation meets in Philadelphia, September 17th.

The Republican State Central Committee met at Harrisburgh on the 3d.

THE SOUTH.

**MARYLAND.**—The Republican State Convention assembled at Frederick, September 12th.

The anniversary of the Battle of North Point, the 12th of September, will be celebrated in Baltimore with greater brilliancy than has been the case for many years, and the monument erected in honor of Wells and McComas, the boy martyrs, who fell while defending the city, on Ashland Square, will be dedicated.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**—A resolution is now pending before the Raleigh City Commissioners which proposes to relieve from taxation, for ten years, all woolen and cotton factories which may be established in that city.

Funds have been subscribed for the founding of the Union Male and Female Institute at China Grove.

**KENTUCKY.**—Kentucky has 5,390 manufacturing establishments, and ranks in this respect the fourteenth State in the Union.

The second Industrial Exposition of Louisville was opened on the 3d.

Cholera was more violent in Millersburgh last week than ever before.

**TENNESSEE.**—The Methodist Sunday-schools of Clarksville give premiums of \$10 gold pieces to the most regular attendants, and \$5, gold, for the best learned lessons.

Collinsville is the name of a young village just springing up in Montgomery County, about twelve miles from Clarksville, on the south side of Cumberland River.

The colored citizens of Nashville are at work upon a general State Fair. Fred. Douglass will deliver the opening address, September 17th.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—The Democratic State Convention will meet at Meridian on September 17th.

The fifth annual State Fair will be held at Jackson, October 13-15.

**GEORGIA.**—Georgia planted 1,602,169 acres of cotton and 1,791,408 acres of corn this year. Besides this, is a little strip of territory of about 1,000,000 acres planted with other crops.

**TEXAS.**—Captain Glenn, the State Geologist, reports the discovery of a cave near the first station from Devil's River, the interior of which contains very remarkable painting and sculpture, apparently of Aztec origin.

The Democratic State Convention met at Austin, September 2d.

THE WEST.

**INDIANA.**—The opening of the Industrial Exposition at Indianapolis will be delayed several days beyond the 10th.

There will be over seventy county and district fairs this fall.

A new industry has been developed in Indianapolis. A boot and shoe firm, with \$2,000,000 capital, are erecting a building that will be the largest of its kind in this country.

The farmers of Independence held a mass meeting, at which about 6,000 persons were present.

**ILLINOIS.**—The State Agricultural Fair will open at Peoria, September 15th.

The old settlers of Warren and Henderson Counties held their annual reunion at Biggsville, September 2d.

**OHIO.**—The Masonic Grand Lodge will meet at Columbus on the 3d of October.

The Knights of St. George, a Roman Catholic Order, held a State Convention at Columbus on the 4th.

After a long contest in the Cincinnati School Board, it was finally determined to retain instruction in the German language in the public schools.

The annual convocation of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the State met at Toledo on the 2d.

**WISCONSIN.**—The Democratic and Liberal Republican State Convention will assemble at Milwaukee, September 14th, to nominate State officers.

**MINNESOTA.**—The Farmers' State Convention at Owatonna nominated Asa Barton for Governor, E. B. Ayres for Lieutenant-Governor, and E. W. Dike for Treasurer.

**IOWA.**—Des Moines has initiated a dress reform. The platform announces moderately short walking dresses for the street; skirts lightened of their burden of trimmings, and suspended from the shoulders; corsets to be loosened or widened; the extremities warmly clothed, and superfluous finery to be discarded on church costume.

The State Fair was opened at Cedar Rapids on the 8th.

Washington was recently the scene of the largest farmers' meeting ever assembled in the State. The number of teams on the ground was 500, and there were from 8,000 to 10,000 farmers present, representing 60 granges.

**NEBRASKA.**—Thirty thousand dollars' worth of silver ore comes into Ogden every day of the year.

**KANSAS.**—All of the Pottawatamies and 250 Kickapoo, who have been some time resident in Mexico, have left that country to return to the United States and enter on the reservation offered them in this State.

Three hundred emigrants are to leave Kokomo, Ind., for South Bend, during the present month.

The soldiers and sailors of the Union Army who reside in the State are to meet in delegate convention in the hall of the House of Representatives, at the city of Topeka, on the 23d day of September, for the purpose of memorializing Congress to pass a law granting soldiers' bounties.

Wyandotte is to have a new Odd Fellows' Hall, at a cost of \$10,000.

Lead ore has been discovered at "Hole-in-the-Prairie," near the State line.

Dodge City is to have a bridge across the Arkansas River at that point.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

**CALIFORNIA.**—South Vallejo is beginning to look like one big wheat bin. Grain is arriving at the rate of between 400 and 500 tons a day; the receipts sometimes even exceeding the latter figure.

The Grape-Growers' Association of Sonoma, Napa and Solano Counties held a meeting at Napa City on Saturday, the 16th ultimo. Reports from Sonoma and Napa Counties indicated that this year's wine-crop will be only twenty-five per cent. of a full yield, owing to the late frosts, high winds and great solar heat.

**OREGON.**—Work on the Clackamas bridge is progressing rapidly.

The citizens of Lafayette have subscribed six hundred dollars for the proposed bridge across the Yamhill River.

The Directors of the Santiam Canal Company held a meeting recently and resolved to push the work to completion as fast as possible. They expect to have the canal completed before the winter rains set in.

**ALASKA.**—Huge quartz boulders, streaked with gold, have been discovered at Iliamna Bay.

It is said that petroleum is running to waste in streams that would, if cared for, yield fortunes, at Kamai Bay, on the east side of the Alaskan Peninsula, opposite Cape Kuliyemut, Kodiak Island.

An excellent quality of coal has been found on Kenai Peninsula. Walls of coal, thirty to forty feet in height, rise perpendicularly from the water's edge, at Chugachik Bay, and a vessel may be loaded there.

The salmon taken in Bristol Bay and Cook's Inlet are regarded by epicures as the very best fish of the species. Very good salmon—as good as any found outside of Alaskan waters—are taken at Sitka and among the Aleutian Islands, but Cook's Inlet and Bristol Bay produce still better.

Jack Faulkner, an eccentric old sailor, well known to navigators of Alaskan waters, fell from a ship, of which he was mate, and was drowned on the 5th of June last.

FOREIGN.

**FRANCE.**—The last installment of the war indemnity was paid on the 5th.

There were no demonstrations at Paris on the 4th, the anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic.

The cholera has made its appearance among the troops quartered at Havre.

A party of Germans from Strasburg were attacked on the 3d by an infuriated mob at Lunenburg. They took flight, were pursued, and were with difficulty rescued.

**SPAIN.**—The Spanish ironclads *Vitoria* and *Almanza* have arrived at Gibraltar.

It is announced, upon authority, that there are now about 40,000 Carlists under arms in Spain.

The Cortes is engaged in the consideration of a motion authorizing military executions without the approval of the sentences by that body.

General Hidalgo has resigned the Captain-Generalship of Madrid, and General Riquelme has been appointed his successor. By this change harmony has been restored in the Cabinet.

The Carlists are making arrangements to establish a cannon foundry near the town of Tortosa, in Tarragona.

A rumor gained currency in London on the 2d that the municipal authorities of Madrid had raised the red flag of the Commune on the town hall.

The Carlists claim that the Spaniards of the Island of Cuba are contributing liberally of their means for the support of the cause of Don Carlos.

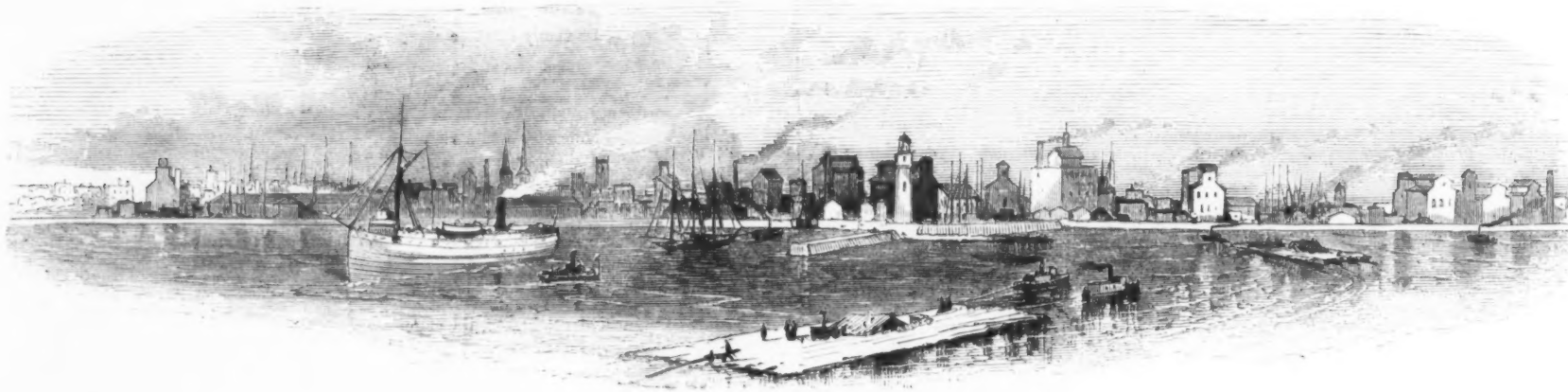
The insurgent Junta in Cartagena is sending emissaries, who are plentifully provided with money, to Barcelona, to organize a movement in favor of a separate government for Catalonia.

The *Imparcial* says if the Left obtain power, delegates will be sent to Cuba to arrange terms of peace with the insurgents.

**GERMANY.**—On the 2d, the anniversary of the German victory at Sedan, a monument commemorative of that event was unveiled in the Koenig's Platz, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of thousands of citizens. The city was gayly decorated, and the day was given over to festivity.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is expected in Berlin.





BUFFALO HARBOR, FROM THE BREAKWATER.

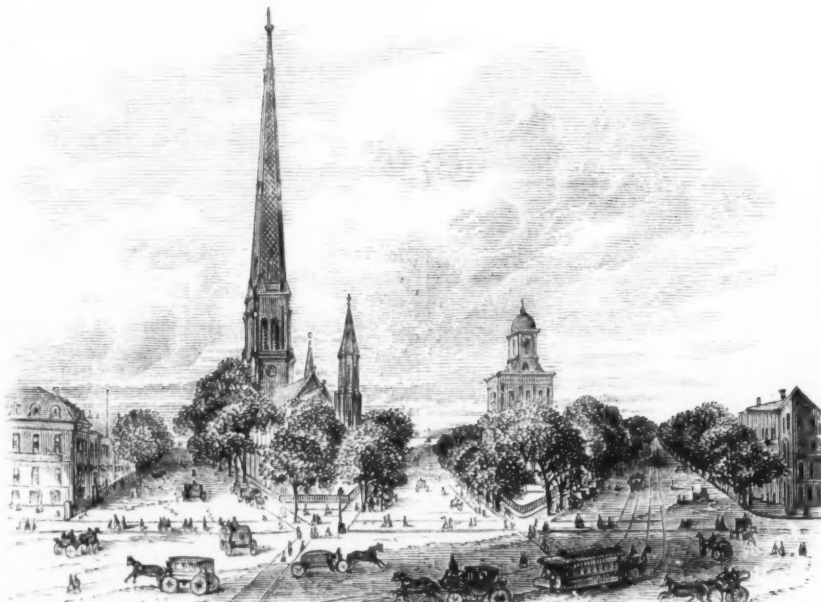
## THE CITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

A LITTLE narrow, muddy creek, running through a wide expanse of low meadow, and debouch-



BUFFALO CREEK, LOOKING OUT.

ing into Lake Erie, near the mouth of the Niagara River, was all the capital that the city of Buffalo had to commence life with; yet, with some aid from a paternal government, superadded to the energy

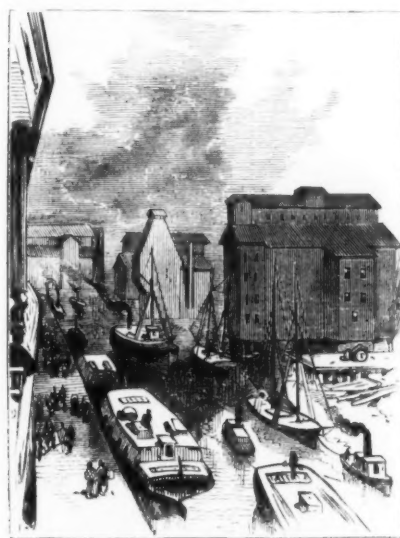


MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE CHURCHES.

and thrift of her merchants, she has passed safely through the incipient stages of hamlet, village and town; and, having successfully contended with her

various rivals for commercial supremacy, stands today the "Queen City of the West." The Erie Canal, that long, tortuous ditch, which carries the

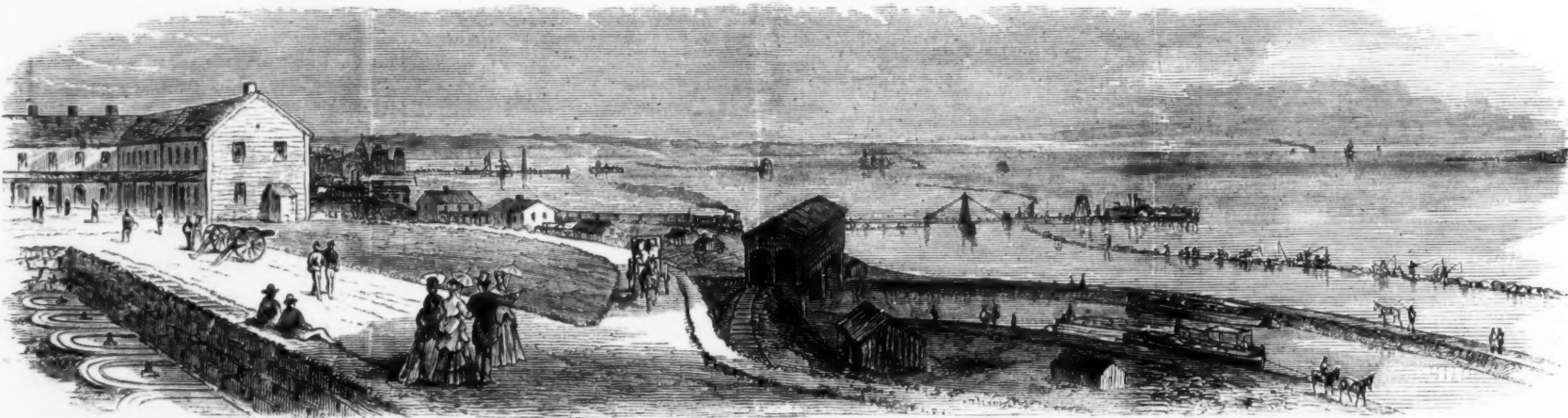
fresh waters of the lakes to mingle with the salt water of the sea, and whose ramifications form a network of aqueous thoroughfares through and under her streets, has had much—nay, a paramount



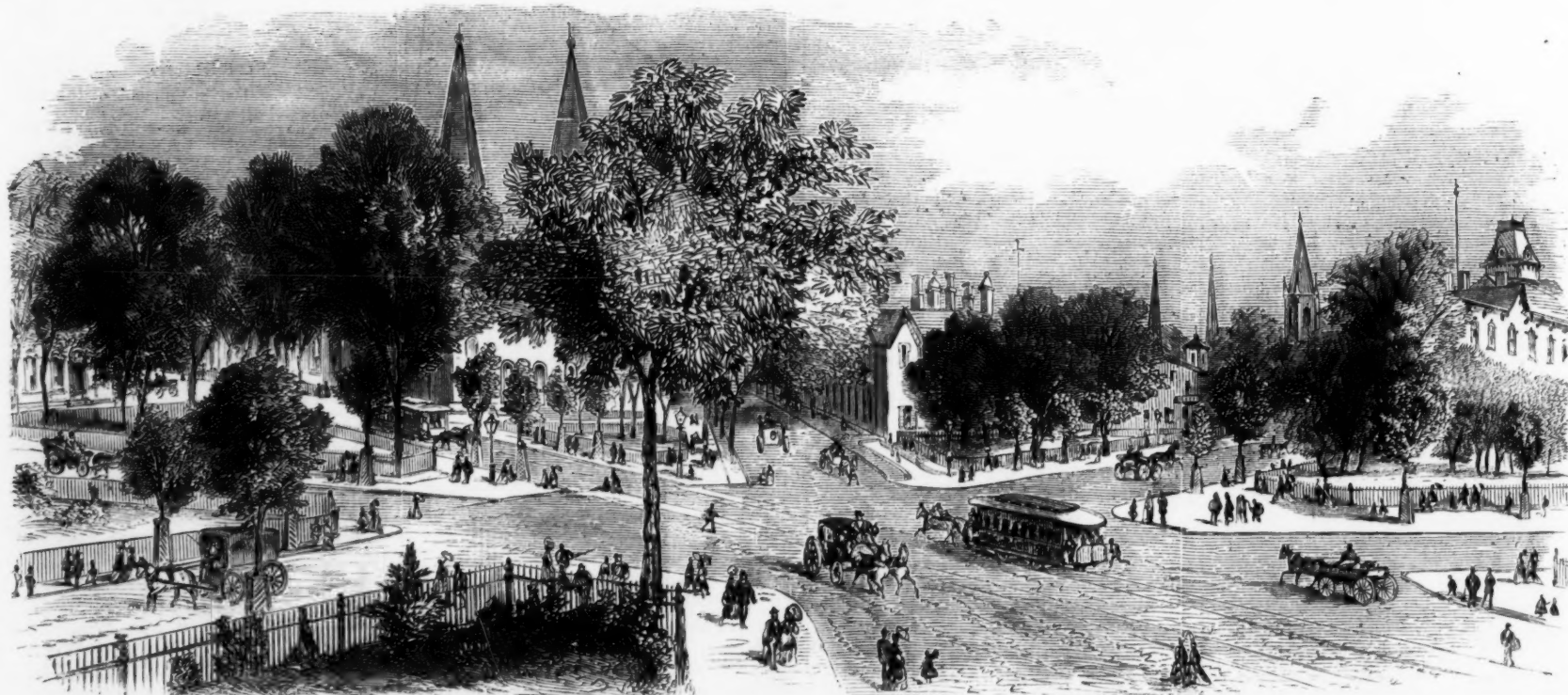
BUFFALO CREEK, LOOKING UP.

influence in her prosperity, and is still a channel for her capital and her business forces. The transshipment of the immense cargoes of grain

(Continued on page 22)



MOUTH OF BUFFALO RIVER, FROM FORT PORTER.



NIAGARA SQUARE.

THE CITY OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—FROM SKETCHES BY JNO. R. CHAPIN.



THE FARMERS' MOVEMENT—THE ILLINOIS STATE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.



S. M. SMITH, SECRETARY.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.

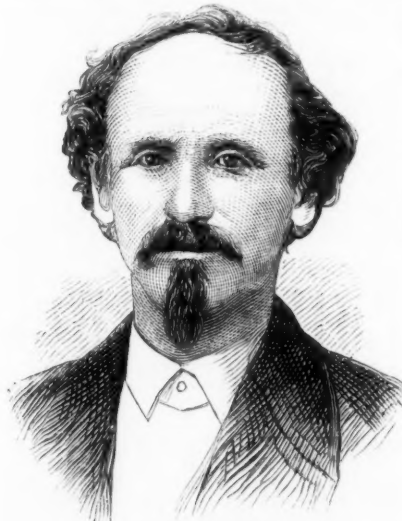
THIS powerful organization of agriculturists was formed at Bloomington, Ill., January 15th, 1873. The call which led to the convention of farmers came from S. M. Smith, Secretary of the Wethersfield Farmers' Club. A meeting was held at Kewanee, October 16th and 17th, 1872, at which



T. LUTTERWORTH.

there were present representatives of nearly every farmers' association in the State. The Executive Committee elected at that time issued a general invitation to all farmers' clubs to assemble at Bloomington, to organize a State Association.

Accordingly, on the 15th of January, there was an immense gathering of members of various granges, farmers' clubs, agricultural, horticultural and industrial societies. The Hon. L. D. Whiting was



JOHN W. HUNTER.

elected Temporary Chairman, with S. M. Smith and S. P. Trefts, Secretaries. Earnest addresses were made by representative farmers upon topics of current interest, after which the Committee on Permanent Organization made their report, and their nominations of officers were unanimously confirmed.

The active authority of the Association is vested in a President, Secretary, Treasurer, a Vice-President for each Congressional District, and an Executive Committee. The leading officers are:

President—The Hon. W. C. Flagg, Mora, Madison County. Secretary—S. M. Smith, Kewanee, Henry County. Treasurer—Duncan McKay, Mount Carroll, Carroll County. Vice-Presidents—A. H. Dalton, Dalton, 1st District; L. Worthington, Chicago, 2d District; N. S. Church, Barrington, 3d District; M. D. Richards, Woodstock, 4th District; D. W. Dame, Lanark, 5th District; Charles E. Barney, 6th District; W. R. Conklin, Morris, 7th District; W. Calan, Pontiac, 8th District; General L. F. Ross, Avon, 9th District; H. C. Lawrence, Prairie City, 10th District; T. Butterworth, 11th District; John W. Hunter, 12th District; John Brown, Normal, 13th District; J. P. Porterfield, Sidney, 14th District; James Wright, 15th District; M. M. Hootan, Centralia, 16th District; James Smith, Junior, Mora, 17th District; John M. Ferris, Anna, 18th District;



W. C. FLAGG, PRESIDENT.

Richard Richardson, Ewing, 19th District; and W. B. Casey, President of the Jefferson County Farmers' Association.

The State Farmers' Association is composed of both clubs and granges, the former being open, the latter secret organizations. It could hardly be expected that many farmers would find time from their labors at this season to participate in extensive social reunions; but the farmers of Illinois have been particularly active in cultivating each other's acquaintance, and forming those ties that are necessary for the prosecution of any system of reform.

On the 7th of August there was an immense gathering at Winchester of Grangers and members of other associations, at which the President and Secretary delivered speeches that have been copied extensively by the Press of all sections of the country. On the 30th there was another at Amboy,



J. B. PORTERFIELD.

Lee County. On the 3d of September, a county meeting was held at Carrollton, Greene County, and on the 9th, one at Peoria. Two others will be held during September—the first at Rushville, Schuyler County, on the 28th; the second at Amboy, on the 30th.

Several Grangers of Tolono have united with a number of members of the State Farmers' Association in forming a general shipping company, with a cash capital of \$100,000, and the pecuniary advantage to the farmer, by making himself or his grange the agent for the disposition of his crops, has already proven encouragingly large. In Champaign County, the farmers, after obtaining the necessary license from the Legislature, united in a corporate capacity. Their first business venture was to for-



DUNCAN M'KAY, TREASURER.

ward nineteen carloads of corn. By acting as their own agents in the matter, they effected a saving of \$500 upon the experiment. The report of O. H. Kelly, Secretary of the National Grange of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, for August 23d, gives the number of subordinate granges in Illinois as 591.

From these facts, it will be seen that the farmers of this State are in terrible earnest in this great movement. Their power is already felt, if not openly acknowledged, and they will receive the support of the public in every peaceful effort to secure for labor its just remuneration.

WEATHER-WISE ANIMALS.

FORSTER, the indefatigable meteorologist, has assembled some curious observations on certain



W. B. CASEY.

animals, who, by some peculiar sensibility to electrical or other atmospheric influence, often indicate changes of the weather by their peculiar motions and habits. Thus:

*Ants.*—A universal bustle and activity observed in ant-hills may be generally regarded as a sign of rain; the ants frequently appear all in motion together, and carry their eggs about from place to place. This is remarked by Virgil, Pliny, etc.

*Asses.*—When donkeys bray more than ordinarily, especially should they shake their ears, as if uneasy, it is said to predict rain, and particularly showers. Forster noticed that in showery weather a donkey brayed before every shower, and generally some minutes before the rain-fall, as if some electrical influence, produced by the concentrating power of



A. H. DOLTON.

the approaching rain-cloud, caused a tickling in the windpipe of the animal just before the shower came on. Whatever this electric state of the air preceding a shower may be, it seems to be the same that causes in other animals some peculiar sensations, which makes the peacock squall, the pintado call, "Come back." An expressive adage says:

"When that the ass begins to bray,  
Be sure we shall have rain that day."



M. M. HOOTAN.

Haymakers may derive useful admonitions from the braying of the ass; thus the proverb:

"Be sure to cock your hay and corn  
When the old donkey blows his horn."

*Bats* flitting about late in the evening in Spring and Autumn foretell a fine day on the morrow; as do dorbeetles and some other insects. On the contrary, when bats return soon to their hiding-places,



C. E. BARNEY.

and send forth loud cries, bad weather may be expected.

*Beetles* flying about late in the evening often foretell a fine day on the morrow.

*Butterflies*, when they appear early, are sometimes forerunners of fine weather. Moths and sphinxes also foretell fine weather when they are common in the evening.

*Cats*, when they "wash their faces," or when they seem sleepy and dull, foretell rain.

*Chickens*, when they pick up small stones and pebbles, and are more noisy than usual, afford a sign of rain; as do fowls rubbing in the dust, and clapping their wings; but this applies to several kinds of fowls, as well as to the gallinaceous kinds. Cocks, when they crow at unwonted hours, often foretell rain; when they crow all day, in Summer particularly, a change to rain frequently follows.

*Cranes* were said of old to foretell rain when they retreated to the valleys, and returned from their aerial flight. The high flight of cranes in silence indicates fine weather.

*Dolphins* as well as *Porpoises*, when they come about a ship, and sport and gambol on the surface of the water, betoken a storm.

*Dogs*, before rain, grow sleepy and dull, lie



NEW YORK CITY.—BRONZE COAT-OF-ARMS FOR THE NEW BUILDING OF THE GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 30.



droopily before the fire, and are not easily aroused. They also often eat grass, which indicates that their stomachs, like ours, are apt to be disturbed before change of weather. It is also said to be a sign of change of weather when dogs howl and bark much in the night. Dogs also dig in the earth with their feet before rain, and often make deep holes in the ground.

**Ducks.**—The loud and clamorous quacking of ducks, geese and other water-fowl, is a sign of rain; as also when they wash themselves, and flutter about in the water more than usual. Virgil has well described all these habits of aquatic birds.

**Fish.**—When they arrive early, and in great numbers, in Autumn, foreshow a hard Winter, which has probably set in in the regions from which they have come.

**Fishes.**—When they bite more readily, and gambol near the surface of streams or pools, foreshow rain.

**Flies.**—And various sorts of insects, become more troublesome, and sting and bite more than usual, before, as well as in the intervals of rainy weather, particularly in Autumn.

**Frogs.**—By their clamorous croaking, indicate rainy weather, as does likewise their coming about in great numbers in the evening; but this last sign applies more obviously to toads.

**Geese** washing, or taking wing with a clamorous noise, and flying to the water, portend rain.

**Gulls** afford several indications. When they fly in a vortex in the beams of the setting sun they foreshow fair weather; when they frisk about more widely in the open air at eventide they foreshow heat; and when they assemble under trees, and bite more than usual, they indicate rain.

**Hogs.**—When they shake the stalks of corn, and spoil them, often indicate rain. When they run squeaking about, and jerk up their heads, windy weather is about to commence; hence the Wiltshire proverb, that "Pigs can see the wind."

**Horses** foretell the coming of rain by starting more than ordinarily, and by restlessness on the road.

**Jackdaws** are unusually clamorous before rain, as are also **Starlings**. Sometimes before change of weather the daws make a great noise in the chamber wherein they build.

**Kine** (cattle) are said to foreshow rain when they lick their fore-feet, or lie on their right side. Some say oxen licking themselves against the hair is a sign of wet.

**Kites**, when they soar very high in the air, denote fair weather, as do also **Larks**.

**Magpies**, in windy weather, often fly in small flocks of three or four together, uttering a strong harsh cry.

**Mice** when they squeak much, and gambol in the house, foretell a change of weather, and often rain.

### BRONZE COAT-OF-ARMS

FOR THE NEW BUILDING OF THE GRAND LODGE OF F. & A. M.

A FINE work of bronze casting, representing the "Coat-of-Arms" of the Masonic Grand Lodge of the State of New York, has lately been placed in the niche formed in the granite base of the dome of the Masonic Temple, now being erected in this city.

The shield, or escutcheon, is divided into four compartments or quarters, by four squares, forming a cross. In the first quarter is a golden lion, rampant, on a field of blue; in the second, a black ox, on a field of gold; in the third, a man, with up-lifted hands, on a field of gold; in the fourth, a golden eagle, on a field of blue. The motto, "Holiness to the Lord," is placed on a band underneath the shield. The crest consists of the Ark of the Covenant, guarded by two cherubims. The whole is guarded by two large cherubims, with their wings touching in the centre.

The extreme dimensions of the casting is eleven feet by ten feet six inches.

### FUN.

It is the rat that has a gnawing appetite.  
MEN dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake!  
THE most useful thing in the long run—Breath.  
THE bump of destructiveness—A railway collision.  
A SEWCITY distich—A stitch in time saves nine.  
WARRANTED to remove felons—The Black Maria.  
WHEN a man's neck-tie is untied, how untidy he looks.

AT what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

PATRONS of husbandry—Mothers with marriageable daughters.

WHAT parts of an organ remind you of a huckster? Stop and pedal.

THE height of impertinence—Asking a Jew what his Christian name is.

A NEWBURYPORT man is accused of having sold his father's skeleton.

THE feast of imagination—Having no dinner, but reading a cookery-book.

FASHIONABLE intelligence—Every day is opening-day in the oyster business.

IF a toper and a quart of whisky were left together, which would be drunk first?

"SO DARK and yet so light," as the man said when he looked at his last ton of coal.

A LANCASTER man is said to wear his arm in a sling because he is too lazy to swing it.

MRS. PARTINGTON thinks that the grocers ought to have a music-teacher, to teach them the scales correctly.

SPICER says, although farmers often make good cider, whenever they tap a barrel they are sure to "spile" it.

BALD-HEADED men take a joke more easily, because they are not at the trouble of getting it through the hair.

JOHN SMITH says nobody ever paid him any attention until he broke out of jail, and then he was much sought after.

A CITIZEN of Rock County, Wis., is recorded as saying: "I can always tell water when I see it—it looks so much like gin."

A BELFORT editor takes it upon himself to say that "cows, elephants or rhinoceroses may run gracefully, but women never."

IF success in an undertaking was proportioned to the earnestness brought to bear upon it, a hen could run about eighteen hundred miles a day.

"SILENCE, silence!" cried the judge, in great wrath. "Here we decided half a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard a word of them."

A GENTLEMAN, on taking a volume to be bound, was asked if he would have it bound in Russia. "Oh, no," he replied, "Russia is too far off; I'll have it bound here."

A Boston landlord is in the habit of placing an extra fork beside the plate of such boarders who have not paid promptly—an intimation to "fork over."

HEATED STREET DISCUSSION.—"I don't believe in spiritualism. I think this: If a man goes to hell he can't come back here; if he goes to heaven he don't want to."

THE other day at Lincoln, Neb., a lawyer arose and said: "May it please the court, there's a fight outdoors, and I ask for a short adjournment." The court went out with him.

A GREEN BAY man called a young man his "precious, darling little honey-dew of a blooming rosebud," and then stood a breach-of-promise suit before he would marry her.

THE force of habit is fully illustrated in the case of a retired milkman in this city, who says he never sees a can of water without having an almost irresistible desire to put some milk into it.

A WASHINGTON inventor is at work on a model for a dog that can run along the top of a fence. He expects to wreak destruction on the cats, and become wealthier than the Rothschilds.

PEORIA has very human dogs or the newspapers are not to be believed. One has died of *delirium tremens*, two of small-pox, one of cerebro-spinal-etc., and one has committed suicide.

MRS. MINNIE MYRTLE MILLER discoursed in Placerville, Cal., last week, on "Silent Women." We can't imagine where she gathered material for the lecture, unless it was in the cemetery.

"JURY," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." The jury returned with a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

"ARTHUR," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, pa?" replied hopeful; "I knew it at the time."

AN Arkansas farmer was absent-minded enough to leave his pet panther and mother-in-law at home together while he went to a show, but much to his anger and amazement, the old lady was alive and the panther dead on his return.

"WILL you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of a guest. "Yes, madame, yes; I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do you? Well, we haven't anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

### VIENNA PREMIUMS AND SEWING MACHINES.

We copy the following from the New York Herald of August 12th:

#### THE REGION OF THE SEWING-MACHINES.

If Dante had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy, he would have set apart a region in his Inferno to illustrate the rivalries and emotions of the sewing-machine manufacturers of the United States. The conflicts, the misunderstandings, the ambitions, the yearnings for approbation and notoriety, the odd, incessant efforts to win medals of progress and renown and merit and honor, which inspire the gentlemen who manage this industry, have given constant motion and life to the American department. So, when His Majesty came into the sewing-machine department, every effort was made by our Commissioners to introduce him to each special machine, and explain its peculiar qualities. Let me give you a list of the machines in the catalogue, so you may know what His Majesty was asked to do. First, the Howe Machine Company, New York; then the Singer Manufacturing Company, New York; the Whitney Sewing Machine, Paterson, N. J.; the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, New York; the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio; the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company, New York; Ezra Morrill & Co., Derby Line, Vt.; George N. Bacon & Co., London, England; the Weed Sewing Machine Company, Hartford, with the patent effective stop motion of Fairchild's attachment; the Secor Sewing Machine Company, the Mackay Sole and Shoe Machine, Cambridge; the Universal Feed Sewing Machine Company. Every exhibitor expected a special visit from the Emperor, and His Majesty, with a patience and courtesy that should be commended, endeavored to visit them all.

After waiting a few minutes to comprehend the explanations made to him of the advance of the industry so largely represented in America, the Emperor continued his tour of the other departments, especially inquiring of his attendants what different principles were presented by each separate machine, in what respect one machine differed from the other—all of which was explained to him, ESPECIALLY THE NEW PRINCIPLE OF THE PATENT STOP, OR THE APPLICATION INVENTED BY MR. FAIRCHILD, AND NOW OWNED BY THE WEED MACHINE CO., BY WHICH THE ACTION OF THE NEEDLE IS ARRESTED BY THE PRESSURE OF A SPRING WITHOUT STOPPING THE MOTION OF THE WHEEL.

In the New York Herald of August 19th we find awards were made as follows:

To the Wilson Sewing Machines of Cleveland, Elias Howe Sewing Machine Company, FOR SEWING AND STITCHING.

Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company, of New York (for BEST SINGLE THREAD SEWING MACHINE.)

The Weed Sewing Machine Company (for BEST STOP MOTION APPLIED TO SEWING MACHINE TREADLES.)

The Wilson Sewing Machine Company being the only exhibitor that received a grand prize medal for the best Sewing Machine, and medals of honor.

#### Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subside, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for scro-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Ross & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep. 922-47

### A POEM BY SAADI.

A GALLANT youth there was and fair,  
Pledged to a maid beyond compare;  
They on the sea, as poets tell,  
Together in a whirlpool fell.  
The boatman came the youth to save,  
To snatch him from his watery grave;  
But 'midst those billows of despair,  
He cried, "My love! my love is there!  
Save her, oh, save!" he said, and died,  
But with his parting breath he cried,  
"Not from that wretch love's story hear  
Who love forgets when peril's near."

"If George had not blown into the muzzle of his gun," sighed a rural widow at the funeral of her late husband last Saturday, "he might have got plenty of squirrels, it was such a good day for them."

A YOUNG man at Niagara, having been crossed in love, walked out to the precipice, took of his clothes, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and then went home. His body was found next morning in bed.

MAILLARD'S BON-BON BUILDING.—Since the fire which destroyed the chocolate and miscellaneous bon-bon factory in Mercer St. of M. Maillard, he has erected a new establishment at Nos. 116 and 118 East 25th Street, which is certainly one of the most curious buildings in the city. Each story is a special laboratory, having its own personnel, and producing its own kind of goods. Three thousand pounds of chocolate come from this house daily in all varieties of forms, and intended for a multiplicity of destinations. On the second and third floors, gums and bon-bons are manufactured in every variety. A steam-engine of one hundred horse-power drives all the intricate machinery used in the establishment. Although the quantity of confectionery turned out daily is enormous, there is no point of detail anywhere neglected, and not one object produced that is not of superior quality. M. Maillard has sent specimens of his work to Vienna, and has received a medal of merit. He deserves it, for his chocolate has a world-wide fame. His retail establishment is under the 5th Avenue Hotel.

WHAT New York hotel to make an abiding-place is sometimes a momentous question. There are up-town hotels and down-town hotels. A hotel that suits in its location all parts of the city commends itself in the case of the Union Square Hotel, just erected on the old site, corner of Fifteenth Street and Union Square. As amusements attract all, it is worth noting that this hotel is in the immediate vicinity of the Academy of Music, Wallack's, the Union Square, Booth's, the Grand Opera, while ladies are in the very centre of all the paradise of shopping—Tiffany's, Stewart's, and the like. The Union Square Hotel, in the comforts it affords, the elegant style in which it is conducted, and, above all, in the excellence of its cuisine and the taste and fitness of its well-attended dining-room, has many claims to entitle it to a visit from all who make any stay in New York. The testimony of guests as to the excellence of the hotel, the moderate charges and the great convenience of location is unanimous.

THE UNDEVELOPED WEST; OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE TERRITORIES.—This is the title of a beautifully bound and printed work just issued by the National Publishing Company, Philadelphia. It contains 823 pages, large octavo, good paper and clear type, and is admirably illustrated by 244 capital engravings. The subject matter is of the most intense interest, and the manner of its treatment by the author, Mr. J. H. Beadle, pleasing in the extreme. The immense far-off tracts embodied in this vast region, together with their sparse peoples, tribes and physical peculiarities, are mapped out before us with such evident fidelity to details that whosoever reads this book may, in a measure, be said to have accompanied the author through the whole of his strange wanderings.

A GRAND SCHEME.—We know of nothing more tempting to eye and heart than the scheme for the Fourth Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky. The three former concerts have proved that whatever the managers promise will certainly be performed, and now they promise a Million and a Half of Dollars at their December Concert. They will give it, and somebody certainly will get it. But it is equally sure that the fortunate parties must of necessity be ticket-holders. Those who do not adventure will not win; but, of those who do adventure, one in every five is sure to win, and even the losers are but contributors to an enterprise of great magnitude, which reflects honor on all who have aided it. (See Advertisement.)

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30 CASH GIFTS, 5,000 each.....	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS, 1,000 each.....	50,000
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100 CASH GIFTS, 400 each.....	40,000
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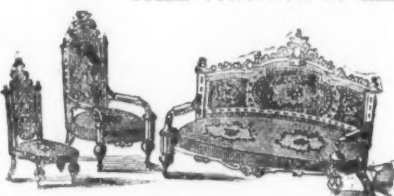
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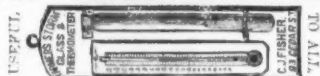
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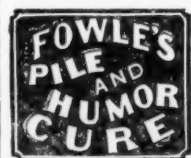
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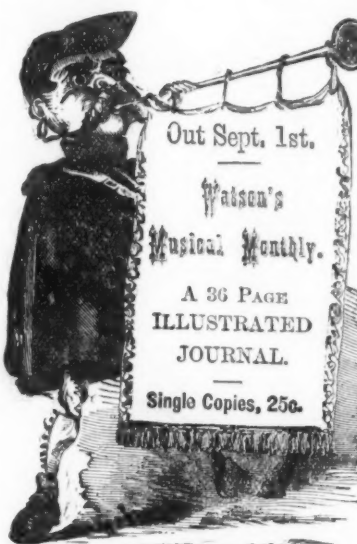
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